The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1907.

The Week.

With the substance of the President's speech at Provincetown on Tuesday no one should quarrel. It is a stout reaffirmation of his well-known views in his well-known language. If he were to say anything at all, this was what he was sure to say. As to the need of new laws to draw the teeth of wicked corporations we feel the gravest doubt; but as to the desirability of enforcing the laws already on the statute-books honest men cannot differ. To the time and manner of this Presidential deliverance, however, we think there is reasonable objection. There was really no occasion for him just now to say anything. A dignified silence about his policies would have been better, because he had nothing new to tell us; and a prudent consideration of the strain under which the whole financial world is now laboring would have kept him from saying anything which might add to it. And, next to silence, a quieter tone would have been golden. As it is, President Roosevelt's speech reads like that of an angry man. His vehement language about the rich "malefactors" who have "combined to bring about financial stress" in order to "discredit the policy of the Government" (meaning himself), is not befitting a well-poised statesman. Neither he nor any other man has evidence of a conspiracy of rich malefactors to bring about a crash in stocks. Thus it is that though he may think his words merely breathe vigor, in reality they must impress his readers as revealing recklessness, bitterness, and a failure to understand the nature and existing conditions of credit. We believe today, as we have believed and asserted since the present complications in the markets began, that the disturbance arose from causes wholly unconnected with the Government's railway policy. Nevertheless, it is useless to deny that the feeling of uneasiness has been aggravated by uncertainty as to how far the prosecutions were to be carried. Now, credit is subtle and imponderable. It lies in the mind as much as in the bank account. When those who have money are persuaded that it is safe to turn it over to those who can use money, then credit is good. When, however, they begin to be afraid, and to call in loans and lock up funds, credit is bad. It is plainly towards the latter condition that the whole world is at present drifting, and as the causes are, in the last analysis, largely mental, it is of the highest importance that nothing to be done to heighten alarm.

Secretary Taft's address at Columbus Wednesday night was to have been a trumpet; it turns out to be a second violin. His long and rather tedious speech might almost have been condensed into the single sentence: "I say ditto to President Roosevelt." As a Presidential candidate himself, he chooses as his model Martin Van Buren, and, like him, notifies the country that his ambition will be to walk in the footsteps of his predecessor. It may be said that, as loyal friend and heir apparent, Mr. Taft could have done no less. It may also be said that the immense success, politically, of Roosevelt's railway and corporation policies, justifies any aspiring public man in trying to enter into that splendid heritage of popularity and votes. But this is not what the people were given to expect. Not for this did they wait so eagerly to read Mr. Taft's speech. From it we were to learn that he was an original, independent, and fearless statesman. It was to be a direct and ringing appeal; in fact, it is a feeble echo. So far as this utterance of the Secretary's is concerned, therefore, the country is still in the position of saying: "Why don't you speak for yourself, William?" Even on the question of tariff revision, where Mr. Taft was said to be determined to sound a virile note, he is timid and wishy-washy. A very mild and indefinite kind of tariff revision he is in favor of some time after the next Presidential election, always provided the Republican party harmoniously desires it. The Secretary is not so pronounced about it as he was in his Bath speech last September. Then he was for reducing the tariff in the "near future." A year has elapsed, and now he is talking about at least eighteen months more.

The Filipinos will be sincerely delighted by the presence of Secretary Taft at the opening of their National Assembly. He is their best friend in high office here, and most of their other friends, like the members of the famous Congressional party, were of his introducing. Mr. Taft does not judge the new representative body a failure from the start merely because a large majority of its members are advocates of immediate independence. "I am satisfied with the results attained," he says, having in mind the training in self-government which the deliberations of the new legislature will furnish. He adds:

> The United States is trying to show that the Anglo-Saxon ideals of self-government can be successfully applied to a Malay people. We are proving that they can. Whether the Philippines will remain permanently a part of our domain is a question.

These are statements about as far removed from the Beveridge philosophy as anything the anti-Imperialists have said. What must not be forgotten is that, however broad, tolerant, and humane Mr. Taft's own views may be, his policies have been blocked year after year by the majority of his party in Congress. Any one who chooses may, of course, describe Taft's attitude toward the Filipinos as that of the present Administration; but the record of Congressional action on the tariff, the shipping bill, and the railway subsidies is anything but in accord with it.

It has been known for some time that Secretary Root and Ambassador Bryce were hard at work on a treaty settling the Newfoundland fisheries dispute. From Boston comes a statement that an agreement has been reached. It embraces, apparently, some sort of *modus vivendi* for the coming season, with a treaty regulating the whole question thereafter. This is good news, if confirmed, and we are glad to read the further report that our Government has somewhat modified its former extreme claims. On no other terms, plainly, could a satisfactory treaty be negotiated, considering the state of feeling on the subject, both in Newfoundland and England. The question still remains, of course, whether Gloucester will permit the United States to ratify such a treaty.

E. H. Harriman voiced his feelings in a remarkable interview telegraphed from Nevada last week. The details of it must be accepted with some reserve. Yet it is not uncommon for railway men like Harriman or James J. Hill, who refuse to say a word in New York, to unbosom themselves to some reporter in Reno or Fargo. Possibly, they forget for the moment how infallibly their remarks will be sent broadcast through the country. Also, it is easy to follow up the matter with a denial, or to say to the enterprising Western reporter, "Thou hast mis-spoken, misheard, tell o'er thy tale again." Certainly, some of the statements attributed to Mr. Harriman are scarcely in keeping with his character, or that of any sensible man. If he really said that he would not further decline to answer the questions put to him by the Interstate Commerce Commission regarding his personal speculation in the securities of the railroads whose finances he was manipulating, some highly interesting revelations should follow. His present explanation is much confused. He had refused to answer because he could not "in justice to his associates." But now he will, his

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associates being left, apparently, to look after their own justice. All this is pretty mysterious. But we know that the sure result will be to depress stocks further—or else to set them booming. The wise men of Wall Street will tell us which, after the market closes.

The legal action begun by the Buck's Stove and Range Company against the American Federation of Labor and its officers concerns no petty or local grievance, but a cardinal policy of the trades unions as they exist in this country. If the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, where the Federation maintains its headquarters, grants the permanent injunction sought against Mr. Gompers and his associates, it must be on grounds that substantially outlaw the boycott in its present form as a means of industrial warfare. The particular grievance which led to the strike of a year ago in the St. Louis works of the complaining corporation is not the chief point at issue. The "We don't patronize" list printed in every issue of the *American Federationist* is prefaced by the statement that before any firm's name is placed thereon the Federation "uses every endeavor to secure an amicable adjustment of the matter in controversy, either through correspondence or by having a duly authorized representative of the American Federation of Labor interview such firm for that purpose," thus giving the impression that the boycott is an extreme measure held in reserve after all others fail. As a matter of fact, it is declared in the company's sworn statement that the Federation "had never sought an interview with the plaintiff, either through correspondence or by any authorized representative or in any other way, for the purpose of ascertaining the plaintiff's version of any matter in controversy . . . or brought it to the attention of the plaintiff that said union had, or claimed to have, any grievance with the plaintiff; nor did it make any effort whatever to adjust the matter with the plaintiff . . ." The account of the methods by which the boycott thus begun was prosecuted reveals their identity with the tactics of our most obnoxious Trusts. Never did the Oil Trust or the Beef Trust or the Tobacco Trust deal more remorselessly with the dealer who handled other than their own products. No question of physical violence is raised in the action, but the court is asked to enjoin the Federation and its officers from prosecuting its "conspiracy" in restraint of the stove company's business. It will doubtless be promptly submitted on the labor side that the methods complained of are those regularly employed by the corporations against their competitors. So they are, no better and no worse.

The withdrawal of the American Tobacco Company from Texas because of the fearful risk it and its employees ran when doing business in that State, raises the question how far the people of Texas really have the courage of their anti-Trust convictions. For in the long run the boycott and outlawry of the Trusts will have as many social and personal consequences as faithful adherence to any of the creeds. The logical Trust-buster must, like the Dowieite, abstain from tobacco, like the theosophist from meat, like the Mohammedan from whiskey, and from a hundred other commodities that even the straitest sects do not forbid their votaries. It is just as hard in our society to live a life absolutely free from Trust products as to live one absolutely germless or entirely free from any other sort of taint. The safe way is to withdraw from the world. A colony of Trust-busters producing its own food, clothing, and all other necessaries would fulfil the requirements well enough. At least, if there is logic in the world, the arts and crafts and village-industry movements ought soon to feel the stimulus of the campaign against the Trusts.

Revelations of corruption having been so appalling as they were in San Francisco, and the time to forget them so short, any other outcome than a reform victory in the first primaries was hardly to be expected. In those both of the Democratic and Republican parties, delegates favorable to the continued support of the prosecutions of bribers and grafters were chosen. The opposition to this programme within the Republican party elected only 19 out of 149 members of the next nominating convention, while the dominant faction of the Democrats is said to favor the endorsement of the prosecutor, District Attorney Langdon. There seems to be a fair chance of fusion of the two parties on essentials. The third convention, that of the Union Labor party, however, will be so completely in the control of opponents of the pending prosecutions, that even the renomination of Schmitz is within the range of possibility. This would be going beyond the precedent of that Massachusetts constituency which lately nominated and elected to the Great and General Court a representative actually in jail at the time. Happily, whatever may be decided about the nomination, the election of the convicted Mayor is, in the present state of feeling, inconceivable. But if San Francisco ever finishes with its big criminals and has leisure to look after minor offenders, something may be done about the pernicious political activity of Postmaster Fiske, who led the lost cause against the Reform League in the Republican primaries. Does the Presidential order against that sort of thing not run west of the Rockies?

The war between the chauffeur and the police has become so active, and is now conducted on such scientific principles, that text-books of strategy will soon be needed. The old plan of hiding on the roadside, stop-watch in hand, has been abandoned by the up-to-date constable. Traps of different sorts are now set to catch the unwary, the most effective being the "measured distance." As a defensive scheme, the Automobile Club of America sends its representatives to inspect the districts where speeding is likely to end in arrest, and at important points flagmen are stationed to warn the innocent tourists. Complaints are made that many of the officers bear what are really letters of marque, to replenish local treasuries, and that the automobile owner is unjustly made a victim of this unauthorized tax-gathering. But in the long run, chauffeurs have as fair treatment at the hands of the police as they deserve.

As a long step towards woman's emancipation, coöperative housekeeping, a panacea much urged of late, has its inevitable drawbacks. In the very matter of coping with an insufficient supply of domestic help, the system, if extended widely enough, would prove a failure; for it is obvious that while economies in household labor can be effected to a certain degree under more or less communal living, the demand for domestic labor must enormously increase when half of those who now cook and dust for husbands and fathers shall exchange the pot and the broom for the trowel, the yardstick, and the pen. If we conceive the entire population of this country organized into communal units, and assign one servant—whether cook, chambermaid, nurse, or furnace-tender—to every ten persons, certainly not a high estimate in view of the fact that first-rate hotels find it necessary to employ an equal number of servants with guests, we shall have a demand for something like 8,000,000 domestic laborers instead of the 1,500,000 that are now to be had. Where is this vast supply of labor to come from? Even if under new conditions men may come in time to share equally with women in household work, for many years the work must continue to be performed by women. And, naturally, those whom generations of training have given superior initial facility in the art will constitute the bulk of domestic workers in our new phalansteries. That is, women, who now cook and work in their own homes and in their capacity as mothers and wives, will then cook and work in centrally located kitchen laboratories in the capacity of hired labor. Specialization, therefore, has its dark side as well

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as its bright; if many women who are now unresigned cooks will be specialized into inventors and poets, many other women who are now mistresses of their own homes will be specialized into just domestic "help." Were the dream ever to come true, the result would be much like that of the Industrial Revolution and the birth of the factory system all over again—not an unmixed blessing.

There are European observers who believe that Finland's lately recovered liberties are once more in danger. It has been announced that Gerhardt, the liberal governor-general of the grand-duchy, is soon to be replaced by Gen. Beckman, who has gained an evil reputation by his ruthless policy of repression in Courland. It is surprising, however, to find a tendency in foreign papers to blame the people of Finland for any new assault that may come out of St. Petersburg. Under the Bobrikoff régime, it is argued, Finland acted admirably. To tyranny of the most exasperating kind she opposed a splendid endurance that was unconquerable just because it was passive. Now that the Finnish Diet has been democratized and the Socialists have come to play such an important part in the reformed Diet, Finnish aid has gone out towards the revolutionary parties in Russia proper, and the just resentment of the Czar has been awakened. This is a curiously distorted view of the relations between Finland and Russia. The grand-duchy might have gone on passively waiting—or whistling—for lost liberties, if the great Russian upheaval of October, 1905, had not brought, along with a "Constitution for Russia," a restoration of the old régime for Finland. As a matter of fact, the Russian revolutionary parties were justified in reproaching Finland's selfish concern for her own interests, once her freedom was regained. If Finland now coöperates with the reform movement in Russia, she is but repaying a just debt, and if bitter consequences come, it is not the Finns, but the autocracy, that should bear the blame.

The eighth Zionist Congress, now in session at The Hague, meets under auspices more favorable than those that presided over its immediate predecessors. Its brighter prospects arise from the setback which the Liberal movement, and with it the cause of the Jews, has lately encountered in Russia. Primarily, it was the condition of the Russian Jews that gave birth to Zionism, and it must continue to be the fortunes of the Jews in Russia that will shape its future. Experience has shown that, whenever Liberal hopes dawn on the Jewish subjects of the Czar, the nationalistic spirit among them weakens, when the inevitable disenchantment comes there is a rebound towards Messianic aspirations. About the year 1880, leading Jewish thought in Russia was largely for assimilation and national disappearance. The massacres of 1881 came as a rude awakening and created a strong current in the opposite direction. Again, in the opening years of the present century, whatever activity there was among the Jews was largely revolutionary and non-sectarian. It needed Kishenev to produce a second recoil towards Separatism. The influence of Kishenev still survived in the revolutionary upheavals that began in 1905; Zionist societies carried on the reform propaganda side by side with the Socialist organizations; nevertheless, it is a fact that the mass of Jewish youth began to forget and let itself be carried away by the argument that there was little use in working for Zionism in the face of a much speedier solution of the Jewish problem that would be brought about by the overthrow of the autocracy. In working for the liberation of the Russian people, we work for the liberation of the Jews, was the revolutionist motto. The postponement of that larger hope must once more create a reaction in favor of the strictly national movement.

From the outline programme of the International Socialist Congress which assembled Sunday at Stuttgart, it is not difficult to gather that strong forces are at work within the Socialist movement in a direction that may be called almost conservatve, though the Socialists themselves prefer to use the terms "revisionist" or "opportunistic." The undefiled Marxian teaching, as expounded at the present day by such orthodox commentators as Karl Katusky, is rooted in the essential idea of class struggle, and has for two of its most striking tenets the solidarity of the workingmen of all nations, and opposition to militarism, which is regarded as one of the great defences of the capitalistic system. It is not without significance, therefore, that the British Labor party is planning to ask "for the admission to the International Congress of those trade unions which, though bona fide, are not expressly based on class war." It is true that the Congress, acting on the recommendation of its permanent international bureau, will probably declare against such a plain abandonment of a cardinal doctrine of the party, but it is significant that the proposition should have been brought forward. Again, on the question of emigration and immigration, the American, Australian, and Dutch delegates are to submit a resolution pledging the party to oppose the importation of Chinese or negro labor into countries where it would compete with the white workingman; the broader subject, even, of the expediency of opposing the importation of foreign laborers for "sweating" purposes, is to be taken up by the Congress. Anti-militarism is to be discussed; but the question will have to be treated in the light of recent declarations made by Bebel in Germany and Jaurès and Guesde in France, of their readiness to take up arms in defence of the fatherland, just like the ordinary good bourgeois.

Bavarian Catholics are rejoicing over the adjustment of the differences between the Pope and the committee engaged in erecting a monument to the heretical Professor Schell. Although the Vatican at first disapproved of paying respect to the memory of one whose book was on the Index, a *modus vivendi* was reached. The committee explained that they had no desire to protest against the decision of the Holy See, but "intended only to honor an illustrious son of the Church." The Pope then intimated that he would be satisfied if they made a distinction between the man and the theologian. This would have pleased Pascal's Monsieur Distinguo. The tension, however, between Rome and the German Centre has now been relieved, especially since a Frankfort review has printed a letter from the late Professor Schell, in which he said: "I submit myself herewith to the decree of the Roman Congregation of the Index, . . . with the obedience and respect which are due to it." Yet in its efforts to suppress free inquiry, Rome may well recall what a great Cardinal said of the increase in the Liberal Catholic minority: "Now it is scarcely a party; it is the educated lay world."

Ernest Daudet urges in the Paris *Figaro* a new philanthropic undertaking for the relief of those who are recovering from insanity, or who have been cured of it. According to statistics, in the Department of the Seine alone there is an annual discharge of patients from insane asylums of 2,400. Both M. Daudet and the Princess Lubomirska are taking an interest in these rather helpless people. As a rule, when they come back into the world, they are ill-fitted to make their way. They have lost confidence in themselves, they are timid with others, and are painfully aware of the feeling towards those who have been even temporarily insane. Thus they are likely to fall into intemperance, and even crime. The plan proposed is to construct special workshops for this class of patients, where they can make a living while enjoying freedom. One such place was opened in Paris five years ago. The importance of caring for such unfortunates will be appreciated by any one who has observed the effect of an asylum on the feelings and will of patients, however carefully treated.

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PEACE BY PAINFUL INCHES.

In De Quincy's essay on "War," he announced his intention to leave a half-crown by will to be kept at compound interest until war should have been abolished. By that time, he was confident, a fund would have accumulated "overshadowing the earth," large enough to retire all soldiers on full pay, and to meet every other expense incident to entire disarmament. This gibe at peace associations, it might almost seem, the Hague Conference has done much to echo. Its proceedings have been dilatory beyond all expectation; on many important questions the delegates have been hopelessly deadlocked; several projects have been given polite burial by means of a stubborn minority vote; while the agreements reached have often been so attenuated by the time everybody was brought round to assent to them, that they seem almost meaningless.

Of this character was the resolution adopted on Saturday touching the limitation of armaments. This is the subject which was put into the forefront of the first Conference at The Hague. It was, indeed, the chief purpose of that body's being summoned at all. It won for the Czar the title—too fleeting—of the "Disarmer." Yet nothing but a sentiment was expressed by that Congress. It was decided that the time was "not ripe," that the subject was not sufficiently "mature." All the greater, then, the hopes that, eight years later, something really practical might be devised. These hopes were all the brighter for the attitude of the Liberal Ministry in England. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is a stout friend of peace, and his public utterances, as well as the bill of his Government providing for a restricted programme of naval construction in case the Hague Congress should do something for disarmament, were an earnest of his good faith. Germany's blunt refusal, as announced by Chancellor von Bülow, even to debate at The Hague any plan of disarming, was undeniably a severe blow, yet President Roosevelt nevertheless instructed our delegates to press the matter. This was most commendable in him, and the persistence of Mr. Choate and Gen. Porter roused fresh expectations. They were all, however, doomed to disappointment. In order to secure harmonious action, a resolution was adopted which one scarcely knows whether to call a pious hope or a pious fraud. The Conference merely reaffirmed the empty wish of that of 1899, and declared that, whereas, instead of diminishing, military burdens had been piled higher since that year, "it is highly desirable to see the governments earnestly resume the study of this question."

How the said governments are going to do it more successfully than in general conference at The Hague, does not appear. Germany has dogmatically stated that no "formula" for limiting armaments and reducing the load of taxation for military purposes, can be found. If the assembled governments cannot persuade her to the contrary, how can an individual government, by separate negotiation? At The Hague there were delegates especially competent to deal with this matter, and distracted by no other business in hand. If they could arrive at nothing but a vain form of words, it is not likely that the further "study," of which the resolution of the Conference makes mention, will lead to anything definite. So we are compelled to set down the final action of the Conference respecting disarmament as one of the great disappointments which it has given the world.

We do not, however, regard the time and debate bestowed upon the matter as wasted. To confer seriously about a great peace measure, even if it be not secured in any tangible and effective form, is to do something, after all, to breed the temper of peace. War ministers cannot hereafter, without an apology, introduce swollen military budgets. Henceforth they will be on the defensive. Those who propose such expenditures will have to cast about for new arguments to justify them to the pockets as well as to the consciences of the taxpayers. The latter will be tempted to say: "You affirm that we must pay larger sums for battleships and artillery because other nations are doing it. Yes, but why didn't you take steps, when you had a good chance, to agree with other nations not to impose these burdens upon us?" The Hague Conference has not done anything positive to disarm the various military countries, but it has at least done something to disarm their rulers of the old weapons used in the mad competition in armaments.

The work of the Congress at The Hague will soon be over. Before it adjourns, it is regarded as certain that provision will be made for an international prize court and a permanent international tribunal of arbitration. The two may be combined. This will doubtless be the greatest and most beneficent memorial of its existence which the Conference will leave behind it. It is too early to appraise its entire achievement. That it has failed to meet the high hopes of lovers of peace throughout the world, is indisputable. Nobody is better aware of this than the delegates themselves. Yet their meeting and discussions and decisions have been, when all is said, one of the means by which civilization gains now and then a painful inch against barbarism—and even De Quincy admitted that war is a relic of barbarism.

EUROPE FEELING AMIABLE.

The recent meeting between King Edward and the German Emperor is as much a sign of growing good feeling among the Powers as an event contributing to the encouragement and maintenance of such a delectable state of affairs. The Continental press has been comparatively free, for some time, from charges and counter-charges of sinister designs harbored by perfidious nations against their peace-loving neighbors. Months have passed without untoward events, compromising incidents, or governmental indiscretions. There is even less talk in Germany of tremendous fleets against Britain and *Weltherrschaft*, or in England of Germany's designs in Africa and the East. Von Bülow has been graciously frank with a French journalist, and, through him, with the French nation. Tittoni has assured Austria-Hungary of Italy's loyal attitude in the Balkans. There has been a veritably dazzling succession of royal interviews accompanied by exchanges of international felicitations, and though such formalities are always liberally discounted, they cannot but produce a favorable impression if repeated with sufficient frequency.

Quite possibly, the sessions of the Peace Conference at the Hague have helped to impart a softer tone to international relations. The ruling classes on the Continent, more even than the world at large, have refused to take the Conference seriously. But their very argument that peace among the nations cannot be established by the delegates at the Hague, and that it must be left to every state to labor for peace by pursuing its legitimate interests without detriment to others, must have acted as a check upon the professional patriots and war advocates, if only through regard for public opinion. It is conceivable that men should believe that a dozen battleships are a stronger guarantee of peace than four times that many diplomats in plenary session; but no politician can go on indefinitely crying for peace-creating warships at any price, and at the same time baiting the nation across the water, without being found out by his own fellow-citizens. Thus it is possible that, once the Hague Conference dissolves, the Jingo English and German press will get to work again; but it is enough that for the time being it is agreeably mute.

For just a decade it was the Far East that was the cause of most European heartburnings. China was, indeed, a stake worth playing for and quarrelling over, and it was with an eye to possible "world-dominion" in China that Germany earnestly set to work to build up a mighty fleet. Hence the vehement thunderings in the *National Review* and the London *Times*, and rumbling rejoinders in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, and

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in Imperial speeches. Once the game was set going, it was easy enough to find food for animosity. Then came the Boer war to keep feelings red-hot for four or five years, till the Far East once more claimed the world's attention. The Russo-Japanese war marked the beginning of another chaotic period of fevered international strain, which is just now relaxing. The ill-feeling aroused in part by that struggle persisted for some time after the outcome of the war had been decided, manifesting itself, for instance, in the Morocco crisis of 1905-06. Now that England and Germany are somewhat more cordial, it is found that Morocco offers no cause for misunderstanding. In other words, Japan's triumph, and the removal of China from the field of European political ambitions, have removed the most potent cause of war in Europe.

Ostensibly, the great danger to the peace of Europe during the last three years has been the resentment aroused in Germany by Great Britain's entrance into a series of alliances and "understandings" which the Kaiser's subjects have taken as aimed directly against themselves. England's treaty with Japan in 1902 was followed by an important agreement with France in April, 1904. This has been accepted as having the value of an actual alliance without the name. Russia, though soon to be humiliated and weakened in the Far East, was still France's formal ally, and Germany found herself, as she thought, threatened by the possibility of a general European coalition. When Spain and Italy, the latter in spite of her adherence to the Triple Alliance, entered into increasingly amicable relations with France, and therefore with Great Britain, the hostile circle of alliances became almost a verity to German eyes. "Do not isolate us, or we will fight," was the burden of the Emperor's speeches till about the beginning of the present year. A coalition of Powers under England's formidable leadership, the Triple Alliance giving way, was there not enough cause for alarm? And then came the climax of Great Britain's insidious policy—a contemplated alliance with Russia.

Logically, the conclusion of an Anglo-Russian agreement should be the signal for a German declaration of war, but—common sense asserts itself in critical moments. What hostile design can there be in a system of alliances that includes—everybody? An understanding between England and France may very reasonably be regarded as fraught with danger to Germany. Add Spain to the combination, and the danger, reduced in one way, perhaps, by the introduction of a new partner with interests and ambitions of her own, is still there. But add Italy, the ally of Germany; add Russia, who, as has been shown repeatedly, still counts strongly on German friendship—and your hostile circle of "alliances" assumes the true aspect of a series of treaties binding the contracting parties to ways of peace in their ordinary relations, but pledging all of them in no sense to actual coöperation in war. Germany's "isolation" is shown to be, what it has been all these years, largely a myth.

So the nations seem to have grown a trifle ashamed of their bitter paper warfare and to have made up their minds to leave foreign politics alone for a while. Surely, the governments have enough matter to keep them busy at home for some time. Social questions, in varying form, are calling for attention all over Europe. To say nothing of Russia's difficulties, Austria has her new system of universal suffrage to get accustomed to. Germany is now giving particular thought to the Poles and the Prussian suffrage. Italy is absorbed by the anti-Catholic movement. France has not yet disposed of the same problem. In every country the Socialists are now well to the fore, and there can be little doubt that their influence of late has been a powerful force for peace.

FINANCIAL MYTHS IN THE MAKING

"We love to delude ourselves," said Goldsmith, and if he could hear the various explanations of our financial troubles, given to-day, he would be strengthened in that opinion. The most positive assertions are made about their cause, and pass current among men of intelligence. But all of them cannot be true, for they contradict each other. It is highly probable that no one of them contains more than a part of the truth. Yet they are seductously put about, delusive though most of them must be, and are forming the basis for future snap judgments upon this period. In other words, they are contributing to financial myths which we contemporaries have the advantage, if we are able to detach ourselves, of seeing in the making.

They are all characterized by the two qualities which popular explanations of intricate matters nearly always have. They reduce everything to a single cause. They identify that cause with a personality. Of this we have had many examples, even in our recent past. About the panic of 1893, a myth grew up which has now become as gospel truth in the minds of millions. There was the one cause—the tariff. True, the tariff was not touched in 1893, but that made no difference. Low tariffs are well known to be as destructive before they exist as after. Hence it is an article of faith with most good Republicans that the tariff of 1894 was the sole cause of the financial upheaval of 1893. And there was also the personality requisite—that of Grover Cleveland. It was his panic, for was he not President, and was he not for revising the tariff? The force of demonstration could no further go; and "the Cleveland panic," myth though it was, has passed into that most sober and authoritative repository of history, the Republican campaign textbook!

The myth-makers have been abroad for several weeks. You meet them at every street-corner and in every car, wagging solemn heads and telling all comers exactly what is the cause of the troubles in Wall Street. One man will demonstrate to you that it was the Standard Oil fine. Another will prove to a nicety that it was the corporation-baiting of the Government. The tariff, so far as we know, has not been brought in, but why should it not be? Taft, the favorite candidate of Roosevelt for the Presidency, has declared himself for cutting down protective duties; and why should not that gun kick before it is fired, as disastrously now as in 1893? A reasoner of the strict Republican order of logic could make out a good case for the contention that Senator Lodge's recent announcement that the tariff would be revised in 1909, was the *vera causa* of the fall of stocks. There is no lack, naturally, of personalities to go with the mythical causes. It is the Southern Governors; it is Hughes; it is the Public Service Commissioners; it is Bonaparte; it is a country looking at Roosevelt, and saying, Hamlet-fashion, "Something too much of this." He must be hard to suit in the way of mythical causes, and persons without real responsibility, who cannot make his choice among so many.

Against the short and easy method of the myth-makers, it may seem ungracious to place the attitude of sober inquirers into the actual phenomena. They are neither so cocksure nor so sweeping. They are foolish enough to distrust the glib gentleman who comes forward with a skeleton key warranted to fit the most complicated lock. Yet there is something to be said for their position. In the presence of a vast world-movement in finance, interrelated in its manifestations and consequences in all markets, it is too severe a tax upon credulity to pitch upon the opinion of a judge in Illinois, or even the policy of a President at Washington, as the single and sufficient cause of all. Immensely varied and complicated effects cannot be accounted for off-hand in that way. If we are to dread the man of one book, we surely are to distrust the man of one explanation for everything. By dint of repeating it, and even shouting it, he may advance it to a place among popular myths; but he will never be able to satisfy with it either the sifting historian or the analytic student of finance.

We are not going to offer any little myth of our own. The phenomena in the financial world, now under study, are too extensive, too subtle in their in-

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terplay, for any man to be sure of all their bearings. But certain things in the nature of results may be pointed out, even if we must remain more or less in the dark, for a time, in respect to their true causation. The prolonged liquidation which we have been witnessing has all the air of an inevitable movement, something too large and involved to be attributed to a single cause or to any one man, and also seems, all things considered, a wholesome movement. The common remark, "Money is being forced out of Wall Street to be put at the disposal of business men," expresses, in a homely way, one consoling and even encouraging aspect of the situation. The process of providing funds for the great business of the country may have proved very hard upon top-heavy speculation, but it is difficult to see how the thing could have been done in any other way.

DEMOCRACY AND LOVE.

We observe with pain that recent fiction withdraws from the humble all hope of marrying into "society." There was a time when King Cophetua wooed a beggar maid, and when the Marquis of Saluzzo married Patient Grissel, the peasant's daughter. In those days a knight riding abroad in the April sunshine did not disdain to make love to a pretty *pastoreta* as she tended her sheep; did not scruple to beat a masterly retreat before a big stick in the hands of the *pastoreta's* young man; indeed, did not even object to chronicling the incident himself. There, if you will, was social equality—and when did all this occur? Why, in the Middle Ages, before our boasted democracy was heard of. In more recent times, governesses married earls, and milliners marquises—and where but in monarchical England? Even now, we understand, the works of Miss Libbey keep alive on the soil of our own Republic the good old tradition of the lordly lover and the lowly bride. But, generally speaking, we have changed all that. The writers of our short and of our "continued" stories, nay, of our dollar-and-a-half novels (reduced to a dollar-eight), now insist that He and She shall be social equals.

He is poor, but belongs to the first families. To support his winter studies at the law school, he tends a lighthouse during the summer. Her, a storm one night blows in at the lighthouse door. Is she a fisherman's daughter? Is she a sailor's child? Ah, no; she is a sophomore at Smith, and with admirable presence of mind quotes Spenser as soon as she regains consciousness, lest the reader remain for a moment in doubt as to her quality. Or, again, He happens to be waiting at a corner in his car—a six-cylinder car: obviously he is an aristocrat. She, passing by chance, takes him for a mercenary chauffeur—how careless of the Williamsons, by the way, not to have copyrighted this *motif!*—and hires him to drive her home. Is she a garment-worker? Is she a chorus-girl? Not in the least. At a house party—that *milieu* of all that is most exclusive—he meets her as a fellow-guest, and declares his love to the accompaniment of explosions by the six-cylinders, while the car goes to glory. Over the whole adventure floats an exquisite savor of "classiness" and *pétrol.*

Now he is a young professor, and she is a rural maid in the land of Pennsylvania Dutch. Having duly fallen in love, they must somehow or other be socially equalized. Here we pause for a moment to disclaim any intention of dealing with the question, What *is* the social position of a professor, anyway—a man who cannot even call a two-cylinder runabout his own, and who never in his life shook hands with a monkey, except possibly in the interests of linguistic science; a person, in short, totally without advantages? Well, the rural maid proves to be no rural maid at all, but "the kidnapped child of very wealthy and refined parents"—like many a pastoral heroine, from Longus to Allan Ramsay.

Finally, the ingenious creator of what may be called our coal-tar series of sweethearts—Iodyl, Amidol, Rosinduline, and all their sisterhood—has now given us a new set of organic by-products, as if for the very purpose of supporting our thesis. A person with a monocle, but otherwise harmless, succeeds, by means of casual absent treatment, in wholly transforming the characters of several fellow-members of his club. At the same time, again quite at random, he performs the same operation upon an equal number of young women—selected only for their good looks—who happen to pass the club-window. Thus a cockney cit becomes a lover of nature; a "cold proposition" develops gayety, sympathy, and a love of adventure; and a snob grows actually feverish with the passion for social equality, and wants to marry his cook.

The nature-fiend and his affinity meet for the first time in Bronx Park, run a race, and climb a tree together in pursuit of the same butterfly, discover and communicate their love, and find—here's the point—that it is perfectly proper for them to wed, because they have common acquaintances. As for the devotee of adventure, he finds his destined bride in a poor quarter of the city; but she is a settlement worker, belongs to his set, and knew his sister at school. The case of the radical is, of course, exactly in point, and so most significant of all. He is saved from his cook through the intervention of a dear girl picked up by chance on the Avenue, who consents to disguise herself as a parlor maid in order to receive the hero's affections, which, of course, are ready to attach themselves indifferently to anybody of a lower social level. But, alas! all is in vain; she, too, is "in society." Hardly has she heard his name when she exclaims: "Not *Kelly* Jones!"—and, needless to say, the clergyman is telephoned for at once. Fancy, though, her post-marital confession: "Kelly, dearest, I have deceived you. I am not what I seem. My father is Wilhelmus Van Sinderen, and I am one of New York's best-known belles. My picture is in all the Sunday papers, and there is no woman so ignorant as not to know all that I wear." Yet, what will not love forgive?

We conclude with a word of admonition to our popular novelists. If they insist upon closing a career that has been ever open to talent, equality must find her champions elsewhere. Already we discern signs of vague unrest among the writers of doctoral dissertations. Somehow, counting the vowels in Browning and the dative singulars in Diodorus Siculus no longer seems to satisfy them. Soon they will turn—in fact, they have begun to turn—their minds to the settlement of our burning social questions. We look to receive any day a dissertation on "Democracy and Love," bristling with examples from Mrs. Martin, Mr. Chambers, and the rest. How will they like that?

THE EXCHANGE OF COLLEGE STUDENTS.

The exchange of university professors between countries and between different institutions at home has been lately a frequent topic of discussion. Less has been said, however, of the other process by which somewhat the same result was all the time being secured—the annual interchange of students between different institutions and especially between different sections. Of course, the mountain of alien students can never be made to come all at once to the feet of any professorial Mahomet, but the individual units which do come presumably gain in breadth quite as much as if the professor had made the journey to them.

For *Science*, Prof. Rudolf Tombo, jr., has prepared an interesting table showing the geographical distribution of the students at a group of leading universities and colleges, and his figures reveal an educational commerce of this sort more extensive in amount than we believe most educators have fully realized. The older Eastern institutions have, of course, always drawn large numbers from the West, and for obvious reasons. But there has grown up more recently something of a counter-movement. Students from Eastern States appear in increasing numbers in the catalogues of the better Middle Western universities, but—and here is one of Professor Tombo's most interesting points—with-

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out apparently reducing the Western representation in Eastern institutions. As compared with similar statistics for last year, the group of Eastern universities, including Columbia, Cornell, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale, is seen to have gained in the representation from every section of the country, *especially* the North Central. There is thus less evidence than had been supposed to support the common view that the building up both in size and standing of the great schools of the Middle West would induce Middle Western parents to give up the practice of sending their sons East to be educated. On the other hand, the relatively smaller number of Eastern students in the West has increased. Harvard has 522 students from the North Central division, Michigan 505 from the North Atlantic States.

Without attempting to summarize here all the information contained in the table under consideration, it may be stated that there were last year in the seventeen colleges and universities included no less than one hundred and forty-five "delegations" of students whose homes were outside the States where they matriculated. Of "delegations" of ten students from other States, large enough to form a respectable club, there were 273. Not counting Massachusetts, twenty-one States were represented in Harvard by twenty or more students each. Yale and Columbia had each seventeen such groups from outside their own States; Cornell sixteen, Michigan fourteen, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin nine each, Princeton and Illinois seven each. New York State sends twenty or more students to each institution in the list, except the Universities of Virginia (13), California (5), and Illinois (14).

A second table prepared by Professor Tombo shows the representation of students from foreign countries in American colleges and universities. The total number of such students, which last year was 792, has this year risen to 897, although there are fewer students from Europe, Africa, and Australasia. Without the equivalent of Rhodes scholarships we drew fifty students from England in nine institutions, and thirty from Germany in eight. In twenty-three instances ten students from the same foreign country are found studying at the same American college or university. Thus Pennsylvania has New Zealanders, Australians, Japanese, Central Americans, and Canadians; Cornell, Canadians, Cubans, Argentines, and Chinese; Harvard, Canadians, English, Chinese, and Japanese; Michigan, Canadians; Yale, Canadians, Central Americans, Chinese, and Japanese; Lehigh, Cubans; Ohio, Argentines; Columbia, Canadians and Japanese; and California, Chinese.

Undoubtedly, a large proportion of the attendance which a college draws from abroad or from distant portions of this country is due to the reputation of some particular department or professor. "Except ——, there is no good place for my sociological studyings of economics," wrote a Japanese student in the days when his countrymen were still curiosities in American seminar rooms. Practically two-thirds of the Australian and New Zealand students in this country are studying dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania. But this evidently fails to account for the extent of the shifting which these figures reveal among our States. The equalizing of educational advantages in different sections, instead of keeping students near home, appears to have rather increased migration. The sending of sons to the colleges from which their fathers were graduated is doubtless an important and continuing cause of this.

PARIS LITERARY GLEANINGS.

PARIS, August 5.

The book, "Dogme et critique," by Edmond Leroy, is of passsing interest, because of the effect it is producing. It is not a work of higher criticism, like the books of Abbé Loisy, but rather a philosophical study in the evolution of religious doctrine; and even this should, perhaps, be limited to the evolution of the explanation of the contents of doctrine. M. Leroy has protested, almost pathetically, his absolute loyalty to the formulas and definitions of Catholic dogma. He is obviously not striving to insert a quite new doctrine under the old name. He has not, however, in these troublous times of religious intellects, escaped the condemnation of the official teachers of the Church; and the aged Cardinal Richard, while bearing witness to the religious earnestness of the author, forbade the faithful of his diocese to read the book. Other bishops have followed his lead, and the book came up again in this week's meeting of the bishops of the north of France in Paris. Several of the bishops expressed the obvious desideratum that the book should be refuted, if it is to be condemned finally; and all seem to recognize its philosophic value where not at variance with traditional teaching. As an indication of religious change toward what is now called "Modernism" no great importance should be attached to such books; as in the case of Abbé Loisy, there are not 1,000 practising Catholic laymen in all France who ever hear of either controversy or books, and fewer still of the clergy who ever take them into consideration. This lack of practical efficiency in religious controversy does not lessen the value of the philosophical *lumina* reflected from the book.

A purely technical work, but of great use to all making a documentary study at first hand of French history, is "Les Sources de l'histoire de France depuis 1789 aux Archives Nationales," by Charles Schmidt, with a preface by Prof. A. Aulard, whose specialty is precisely the handling of French Revolutionary documents. The book is a practical guide to work in the Archives Nationales, from the permissions to be asked for making research, and the description of the work hall, to a complete indication of the "sources" of history for a department, arrondissement, canton, or commune, as contained in the Archives, with the departmental series. In such local documents, where history is caught in the very act, Taine did his most striking work.

Frédéric Masson of the French Academy uses his unrivalled collection of old papers of Napoleon's times to spring new and side surprises on his public, without stopping the flow of his Napoleonic volumes properly so called. "L'Affaire Maubreuil" concerns one of those interminable judicial failures, mixed up with obscure politics, in which French history is fertile under all régimes. Maubreuil, of noble family, seems to have been used in Napoleon's secret service. When the break-up came, he tried on his own account to get possession of the rich jewels of Catherine of Wurtemburg, wife of Jérôme Bonaparte. She appealed to her cousin the Czar, who began proceedings, which M. Masson narrates with passion, although he has not been able to unravel their secret. Maubreuil lived until 1869, pensioned for no apparent reason by both Louis Philippe and Napoleon the Third.

Jules Huret begins the publication in book form of his long investigation of Germany as it is, which he originally communicated to the Paris *Figaro*. This first volume completes the Rhine and Westphalian country. Americans, not caring what foreigners say about themselves, may not have paid much attention to M. Huret's two volumes on the United States. But the rapid, steady, and immense industrial development of the German Empire should make welcome this account by a trained and intelligent observer of German prosperity, cities and ports, heads of factories and philanthropists, great employers' unions, workmen and artists, discipline and morals, and, last, not least, the students of the Empire. The book is written with French lightness of touch, but great good will and serious application are shown on every page. Never were statistics dished up more entertainingly. That German authorities may find defects is more than likely, although the criticism of the periodical publication was kindly. For outsiders, the reading of the book is an easy way of being impressed with the new and true greatness of Germany—a country which, in thirty years, has gone far toward overtaking England in industrial supremacy, and shows a development which may dazzle even Americans by its rapidity and extent.

A number of French writers of acknowledged authority in their respective spheres appear as authors of a handy book on the leading questions which agitate Europe internationally—"Les Questions actuelles de politique étrangère en Europe." Francis Charmes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, A. Leroy-Beaulieu, R. Millet, A. Ribot, A. Vandal, R. de Caix of the *Débats*, R. Henry, G. Louis-Jaray, R. Pinon of the *Revue de Paris*, and A. Tardieu ("Georges Villiers") of the *Temps* treat successively of English policy, German policy, the question of Austria-Hungary, Macedonia and the Balkans, and the Russian question. There are nine maps.

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"Icarie et son fondateur Étienne Cabet" is a book that should interest Americans, whose land of liberty has been used for so many and variegated experiments to remake society. The author, Jules Prudhommeaux, seems to have originally prepared his very complete work as a thesis for the doctorate of letters in the French university. It is a stout volume of more than 700 pages, with twelve photogravures and two maps. He considers it a "contribution to the study of experimental Socialism"; and so it is in the sense of Saint-Simon and Fourier, of Brook Farm, and even of the advanced thinkers of 1848, before the present political Socialism had been invented. This old Socialism was a sort of religion, reforming the world by calling men away from it.

E. Levasseur, administrator of the Collège de France, has gathered into one volume a connected series of statistical papers—"Questions ouvrières et industrielles en France sous la Troisième République." The labor and industrial questions of the French Republic are all the more interesting as France has become an experiment station for Socialism by political legislation.

The literary partnership of the Margueritte brothers is dissolved for the time being. Paul Margueritte lets it be known that he did not care to take part in the work of Naturalism which his brother Victor is publishing under the uninviting title "Prostituée." The book is not a crude bid for notoriety, such as Zola was more than once accused of making. It continues the studies of the brothers in what was once politely styled "the social question," sadly enough to tell the truth. Perhaps the chief objection to the book is that it concerns precisely the residuum, and not the living body of humanity; and that romance is not the appointed method of recovery in such cases.

"Casimir Delavigne intime" is a quite new book made up of letters and family papers by the poet's grand-niece. From the appearance of his first play on the Sicilian Vespers in 1818 to his death in 1843, these papers add really new material to the history of the Romantic movement in French literature, with many pleasant reminiscences of well-known personages, some of whom like Louis Veuillot would scarcely be expected here. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The love-letters of Nathaniel Hawthorne, written to Sophia Peabody, are owned by Mr. Bixby of St. Louis, and by his permission they have been privately printed by a Chicago book club, the Society of Dofobs. The work has been done at the DeVinne press—an edition of sixty-two copies, two volumes each. Roswell Field has supplied an Introduction, in which he explains that in editing the letters "there was practically nothing which called for elision" on account of "private and personal references, which might wound the feelings of the living, or seem to speak ill of the dead."

There are one hundred and sixty of the letters, and while many more were undoubtedly written, these are believed to be all that have survived. Ninety-seven were written before marriage, the earliest dated March 6, 1839, and the last June 20, 1842, a few days prior to the wedding, July 9, 1842. After marriage Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne were seldom separated, and the other letters are scattered over a long period, the latest being dated May 9, 1863. A few of the letters were published in Julian Hawthorne's "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," but these are in some cases much altered. Portions are omitted, words are changed, sentences are rewritten. The omission of some portions is understandable. The rapture and tenderness of the lover are not for the public eye, but condensation such as the following was certainly unnecessary. On January 1, 1840, Hawthorne wrote:

Very dearest I wish you would make out a list of books that you would like to be in our library; for I intend, whenever the cash and the opportunity occur together, to buy enough to fill up our new book-case; and I want to feel that I am buying them for both of us. *When I next come to Salem, you shall read the list, and we will discuss it, volume by volume. I suppose* the book-case will hold about two hundred volumes; *but you need not calculate upon making such a vast collection all at once. It shall be accomplished* [we will collect it] in small lots; and then we shall prize every volume, and receive a separate pleasure from the acquisition of it.

The words in italics were omitted by Julian Hawthorne; the four words in brackets, "we will collect it," inserted by him.

In many of the letters Hawthorne addresses his betrothed as "Dove," and the ornament (printed in blue) on the title-page of the volumes is a dove carrying a letter in its beak. In one of the earliest letters, dated July 3, 1839, he wrote:

I believe that "Dove" is the true word after all; and it never can be used amiss, whether in sunniest gaiety or shadiest seriousness. . . . By that name, I think, I shall greet you when we meet in heaven. Other dear ones may call you "daughter," "sister," "Sophia," but when, at your entrance into heaven, or after you have been a little while there, you hear a voice say "Dove!" then you will know that your kindred spirit has been admitted (perhaps for your sake) to the mansions of rest. . . . The name was inspired; it came without our being aware that you were thenceforth to be my Dove, now and through eternity. I do not remember how or when it alighted on you; the first I knew, it was in my heart to call you so.

The first volume contains the letters written during the time that Hawthorne was weigher at the Boston Custom House. The second volume begins with the Brook Farm letters. If the other members of that community had as little liking for work as Hawthorne had, it is small wonder that the experiment was a failure. A few days before he left Brook Farm (which swallowed up his savings, accumulated at the Custom House) he wrote:

I do think that a greater weight will then be removed from me, than when Christian's burthen fell off at the foot of the cross. Even my Custom House experience was not such a thraldom and weariness; my mind and heart were freer. Oh, belovedest, labor is the curse of the world, and nobody can meddle with it, without becoming proportionably brutified. Dost thou think it a praiseworthy matter, that I have spent five golden months in providing food for cows and horses? Dearest, it is not so. Thank God, my soul is not utterly buried under a dung-heap. I shall yet retain it, somewhat defiled, to be sure, but not utterly unsusceptible of purification.

The letters are very tender and characteristic, but they add little to our knowledge of Hawthorne, and it is not to be regretted that they are to remain practically unpublished.

It turns out that the Shelley manuscript verses on both sides of two quarto leaves, which sold at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's on July 25 for £100, once formed part of Shelley's note-book which is in the Harvard University Library. The two leaves contain the "Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples," the sonnet "Lift not the Painted Veil," and some new readings. The pages are numbered 72, 73, 74, and 75, and the index of the Harvard volume shows that these poems were on those pages.

In his Shelley Bibliography H. Buxton-Forman notes that the leaf of contents of "Prometheus Unbound," 1820, is almost always a cancel-leaf, and that he was obliged to examine "a great number of copies" before he found one containing the original leaf. Signature A as first printed was of eight leaves, the first a half-title (with advertisement on reverse), the second the title, and the third the contents. In this the heading of the second section is misprinted "Misellaneous Poems." The leaf was reprinted in order to correct the misspelled "Misellaneous." We have seen recently a copy of the book in original boards with this leaf with the misprint, but the leaf is slit at the bottom, as an indication to the binder to cancel it. The new leaf with "Miscellaneous Poems" is also in this copy bound at the end of signature A, after the preface.

It is announced that the great library of Lord Amherst of Hackney will be offered at auction at Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge's the coming season, unless meanwhile sold privately. A Hand-List of the collection has been compiled by Seymour de Ricci for private circulation. This forms a large octavo volume of 433 pages, printed on one side of the leaf only. The catalogue is classified, and there is an index. The sale is likely to be one of the most important in recent years. Indeed, there is hardly any sale with which the collection can be compared since that of the first part of Lord Ashburnham's library, June, 1897. The Caxtons, seventeen in number, are the most notable books. Among them are:

"The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye," Bruges, about 1474. This is the only perfect copy known of the first book printed in English. £1,850 was paid for it at the Earl of Jersey's sale, 1885.

"The Game of Chesse," Bruges, about 1475. One of five perfect copies known, and lacking only the two blank leaves. It cost £645 at Puttick's, December, 1886.

"The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers," 1477. The first book printed in England; lacks the two last leaves and three blank leaves.

Christine de Pisan's "Morale Proverbes." Perfect, and the finest of the three known copies.

Boethius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ," about 1478. Lacking only the first blank leaf. This copy was bought at Sotheby's July 13, 1887, for £156. Lord Ashburnham's copy with two leaves in manuscript brought £510 in 1897.

"The Mirrour of the World," 1481. The Earl of Jersey's copy, which brought £105 in 1885; perfect.

"Godfrey of Boloyne," 1481. One of only three perfect copies known.

Higden's "Polycronicon," 1482. Lacking eighteen leaves, besides five blanks.

Voragine's "Golden Legend," first edition, 1484. Lacking thirty-three leaves, besides three blanks.

Voragine's "Golden Legend," second edition, 1487.

Christine de Pisan's "Fayttes of Armes,"

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1489. Sir William Tite's copy, since made perfect.

Virgil's "Eneydos," 1490. Perfect, except for blank leaves. This copy was the Earl of Jersey's and brought £235 in 1885.

There are also three other books generally described as being from Caxton's press, but later authorities agree that they were more probably printed with his types after his death. These are: "The Chastysing of Goddes Children," 1491; "Tretyse of Love," 1493, and the third edition of the "Golden Legend," 1493.

Besides the Caxtons, there are many volumes from other English as well as the most important Continental presses; and remarkable collections of English Bibles, liturgies, books on the Reformation, on gardening, etc.

Correspondence.

CONSIDERATE REVIEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent comment of the *Nation* upon the "considerateness" of present-day reviewers brought out an undeniable truth, and correctly estimated its bearing upon the retardation of intellectual improvement in several lines. But it is possible to add to what was said in explanation of this undesirable state of affairs. To every one who has done much reviewing the reasons that impel to softness of speech are plain enough. It is not so much for fear of offending publishers and ceasing to get books to review—for a great many reviewers have no direct relations at all with the publishers—as it is for fear of offending colleagues or acquaintances, near or remote, and suffering in one's personal relations. It is easier to talk savagely of a German book than of an English one, and of a volume printed in England than of the treatise of Professor A. whom you are going to meet at least once a year. The closer your actual or potential relations with an author, the more chary you are of speaking your unvarnished opinion of his book or article or poem.

Now such closeness of personal relation, which is conceived to become an asset on more counts than one, is the very object of all those Christmas gatherings of learned societies upon which we felicitate ourselves, and rightly. At these gatherings it is rather exceptional to witness heated altercation; a tone of urbanity characterizes their goings-out and their comings-in. In fact, sodality so far rules that there are not a few who attend avowedly for the sole purpose of making friends, and solace themselves for their sojourn in the corridors with the reflection that, after all, the papers will presently appear in print. Now, back in the "ramping days" there was nothing such as this; the after-type of the erstwhile heart-breaking critic is to-day the free lance off by himself. He has not imbibed the champagne side by side with X, or scrambled for lobster-salad in friendly rivalry with Y. It is not normally among the *habitués* of these gatherings that you find the acrimonious critic. Everyone is familiar with the fact that when you see a man whose opinions you have abhorred, you often find him "not so bad, after all." You become conscious that there are two standards of judgment involved.

The fact is that every one habitually confuses professional and personal relations unless he is strictly on his guard. It is the rare man who can take a tongue-lashing, say in a faculty-meeting, and, after stoutly fighting back, walk home with his castigator in an amicable state of mind. It is too often the case that strong disapproval of a colleague's ideas passes over imperceptibly into suspicion of his motives, and sometimes into a moral judgment. How true this is of political views and opponents, anybody can judge. That it is all wrong, all will admit. In the specific matter of review-criticism few would like to confess that they are wont to confuse honest severity with hostility. It is the ideal to proclaim loudly that one cares only for the truth, welcomes criticism, and the like. This ideal should be lived up to, and critics credited with the same sentiment; the adage about the faithfulness of a friend's wounds should be taken to heart. Petty personal vanity is about all that prevents it.

But there is a further reason for suppressing positive judgments of all kinds in these days. The age is one of doubt, where former ones were distinguished by positiveness, however ill-founded it may have been. People are now afraid of committing themselves too definitely, and judgment is infirm, because it is uncomfortably aware of the fate of most preceding judgments along all lines. This consideration never troubled a mediæval Thomas Aquinas or a Rousseau; it is the product of wider knowledge. Instead of planting the flag in a certain position, digging trenches, and fighting to the last of them—and this process taught the victorious stormers their trade, if it did nothing else—the fashion now is, says the scoffer, to practise mobility, not to say shiftiness and track-doubling, and to be cautious to the last degree about risking all on one position and engagement; the principle is, so to fight as to live to run another day. But this is an extreme view. Certainly we do not wish to return to the days of dogmatism based upon introspection and intuition. We have gained far more than we have lost by realizing the essential changefulness of situations and views, and that the actualities of one time may become, through being recognized as the fictions of ignorance and imagination, the laughing-stock of another. Whatever the superficial form of belief, the underlying predisposition of the age is agnosticism; and this, upon the purely intellectual field, means at least caution in judgment. The only trouble is that over-caution becomes something pretty close to cowardice.

What is needed, then, in order to apply sound destructive criticism—and it need scarcely be pointed out that it is only through the extinction of the less fit that higher types are evolved—is a large-minded divorcement of the personal and the professional, and a disposition unafraid to speak for fear of error. What if there is error? Somebody will correct it; and if his honor is a little greater, what of that? Laborers on the edifice of culture need a greater reverence for the structure and less solicitude as to what others think of their particular bricks and mortar; more love of the work and less of the personal emolument. And this, be it added, applies to critic as well as criticised. Adverse criticism so often awakes resentment, perhaps because the critic is simply trying to "throw down" his "victim." He talks "from above down" and in a tone far from impersonal. He is trying to show off; or at least, he bears the chip on his shoulder. This is an attitude for children. The eye should rather be on the man's work of advancing knowledge through generous co-operation.

ALBERT G. KELLER.

New Haven, August 3.

LONGFELLOW AND THE BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The words of the British National Anthem are from a literary standpoint about as poor as human ingenuity could contrive, and many would be glad to see better literature wedded to the tune of "God Save the King." A correspondent of the Yorkshire *Post* has written:

> A year or so back, holiday-making in the Craven district, I happened to be in Giggleswick, where I found they were keeping the festival of our national saint at church. On the programme of the short organ recital were printed the first and third verses of the National Anthem for recessional, with the following added verse, with a note stating that it was composed by Longfellow on the request of a member of our royal family:
>
> Lord, let war's tempests cease,
> Fold the whole world in peace.
> Under Thy wings.
> Make all the nations one,
> All hearts beneath the sun,
> Till Thou shalt reign alone,
> Great King of Kings.

This is certainly a great improvement on "confound their politics" and the rest of the bathos, but is there any authority for supposing that Longfellow wrote the substitute? I have failed to find it in the Riverside Edition of his writings. If it be there it has eluded my search.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Southport, England, August 5.

CARRYING PISTOLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* of July 25 commends a recent Texas law which imposes a tax of 50 per cent. of gross earnings on all merchants who sell pistols, suggesting this as a proper policy for checking the "concealed weapon" evil. The plan seems to the writer to have decided merit; but I would go farther, and put restrictions at the fountainhead, as it were. The United States Government imposes a heavy tax on the manufacture and sale of all kinds of alcoholic drinks. Now, the manufacture of deadly weapons with which peaceful citizens may slay each other would seem to lack even such pretext for existence or tolerance as may be advanced in favor of the liquor traffic. If all the money and industrial energy that are devoted to this purely harmful business were diverted into useful channels, it is evident that the nation would be a great gainer. It seems entirely logical that the manufacture of weapons for the destruction of human life, in this

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boasted age of enlightenment, should be confined wholly to Government agencies, to be used only against foreign enemies or for police purposes at home. Or, if other manufacturers choose to embark in this industry, let it be put in the same category, with even greater emphasis, as the liquor traffic, for revenue purposes.

The law against carrying concealed weapons is at best merely plucking a few leaves from the evil tree, whereas the true remedy lies in attacking the roots of the tree itself. One strong root is the non-enforcement of the criminal laws. If these laws were rigidly enforced in this country as they are in England, there would be no incentive to a continuance of the practice, and, as in England, it would fall into a state of "innocuous desuetude." But our disregard of the criminal laws, and of the sanctity of human life, is a deep-seated social malady, a legacy from the war of forty-odd years ago, which we cannot hope to correct by any sudden or peremptory process.

The total cutting off of the present superabundant supply of deadly weapons should do much, more than any other practical device, for mitigating the evil, the greatest in our social system, which otherwise contains much of which we are justly proud. It is related that an English tourist who had travelled through the South was questioned on his arrival in New York about his impressions of the Southern country. His impressions were very favorable, he liked the country and the people.

"How about the security of life in the South?"

"Oh, as to that, a man only lives down there because nobody wants to kill him."

While this remark savors of extravagance, it is truly suggestive of the status of our criminal jurisprudence.

T. G. DABNEY.

Clarksdale, Miss., August 5.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for publication in September "With Wordsworth in England," by Mrs. MacMahan; "A Handbook of the Philippines," by Hamilton M. Wright; "The Great Plains, 1527-1870," by Randall Parrish; and "The Campaign of Santiago de Cuba," a strategic history, by Col. H. H. Sargent, U. S. A. The same firm will add four new volumes to the series of Life Stories for Young People: "Joseph Haydn," "Frithiof Saga," "Hermann and Thusnelda," and "The Swiss Heroes."

The Hon Charles F. Warwick's "Mirabeau and the French Revolution," heretofore published by J. B. Lippincott Co., has been taken over by George W. Jacobs & Co. Messrs. Jacobs & Co. have also in preparation a companion volume to the above, to be entitled "Danton and the French Revolution," which will be issued some time next year, to be followed later by "Robespierre and the French Revolution." While each volume will be complete in itself, they are so planned that the three together will form a complete history of that period.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish this autumn "Stories and Sketches," by the late Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi. The volume is described as "a memorial to the life of an earnest worker, the activity of whose intellect could not be entirely restricted within the channels of her chosen profession." The same firm will issue an English translation of Dr. Max Lenz's "Napoleon," a work which has been successful in Germany.

Three of Richard Jefferies's books are to be reprinted by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.: "The Life of the Fields," "The Open Air," and "Nature Near London."

The Henry Altemus Company announces for publication in September "The Bible as Good Reading," by Senator Albert J. Beveridge.

Baedeker's "Switzerland" is just issued in the twenty-second edition. It contains xl. and 551 pages, 69 maps, 18 plans, and 11 panoramas. The repute of this handbook is so firmly established that nothing further need be said on that score. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American agents.

The *Library World* of England begins its tenth year of publication with an editorial survey of the progress made in Great Britain in library matters since 1898. The following are the principal facts noted: In 1898 no more than 350 places in the United Kingdom had adopted the Public Libraries acts, and in many of these the buildings and equipment were shabby and ineffective; to-day, 520 places have adopted the acts, and a large number of old and new library areas have erected fine buildings. Along with this expansion—and more important, in the estimate of the editor—is the great improvement in the training and qualifications of librarians. Other items are, (1.) rapid extension of the system of open shelves; (2.) the gradual but continual decrease in the percentage of fiction circulated, along with a very marked increase in the total circulation; (3.) the movement in favor of limiting the supply of newspapers and obliterating betting news; (4.) better provision for children and a better co-ordination of the library and the school.

The July issue of the new quarterly, *The American Journal of International Law*, which has just appeared, strikes a high level. Its opening paper is by the Hon. Simeon E. Baldwin, judge of the Connecticut Supreme Court, and an active worker in the Yale Law School, on "International Congresses and Conferences of the Last Century as Forces Working Toward the Solidarity of the World." With his historical citations Judge Baldwin presents comprehensive generalizations. The great œcumenical councils of the Roman Church were international congresses, in which each nation of Christendom was represented. The movement of modern society, however, is away from ecclesiasticism in politics. The Congress of Münster was the first of the new order. In 1815 that of Vienna took action towards suppressing the slave trade, and securing free navigation of international rivers. Since 1826 more than 120 conferences of a diplomatic character for promoting social and economic objects have been held. Their usefulness is illustrated by what the Postal Union accomplished. Four conferences held at The Hague since 1893 have achieved the adoption of uniform rules among ten different European nations regarding marriages, divorces, guardianships, while one held at Montevideo has brought similar results to five South American Powers. Judge Baldwin is fully convinced that the unifying influence of the first Hague Conference, 1899, has been most important. In a forcible paper on the second Hague Conference, Dr. Hill, now at The Hague as American minister, and a delegate to the Conference, more strongly emphasizes than does Judge Baldwin the achievements of that first conference. He declares that, notwithstanding the two succeeding wars, the work done at that time constitutes the most notable and enduring triumph of human reason of the nineteenth century. The conference not only created a permanent tribunal; it provided that "Powers, strangers to the dispute, have the right to offer good offices or mediation, even during the course of hostilities"; that "the exercise of this right can never be regarded by one or the other of the parties in conflict as an unfriendly act"; and that, as the result of action under this article, peace between Russia and Japan was concluded at Portsmouth. The impetus, however, given to the principle of judicial settlement of international disputes, was the greatest achievement of the First Hague Conference. Dr. Luis M. Drago, foreign minister of the Argentine Republic, whose letter of December 29, 1902, to the Argentine minister at Washington formulated what is termed the Drago Doctrine, contributes a discussion of "State Loans in Their Relation to International Policy," first making it clear that his original proposal applied merely to public or national debts, not to private obligations, then reviewing the attitude of the United States towards the questions raised and the status of those questions before the Hague Conference. Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart's paper, "American Ideals of International Relations," contains a useful historical conspectus of relations into which our Government has been drawn. He criticises the inconsistency of our attitude in favoring the open door for China and selfishly imposing extreme tariff rates on our own dependents, the Filipinos. As against Mr. Olney's declaration, in the Venezuelan controversy of 1895, that the fiat of the United States is law on this continent, Professor Hart eulogizes the spirit which would develop, through the Hague Tribunal, the method of settling international controversies independently of the fiat of any particular government. The 85-page Supplement to this number contains documents of great value, including our new Consular Service regulations covering appointments and promotions.

A very chatty book on the "New Egypt" which has grown so rapidly during the past decade has been sent forth by A. B. de Guerville (E. P. Dutton). It is well printed and excellently illustrated. Its perusal will be of advantage to those who are purposing to visit Egypt and the Sudan, giving them some glimpses of things which the ordinary tourist neither sees nor realizes. The author had many opportunities of seeing and talking with Egyptian officials, both native and British, and he has given the reader the benefit of them. But of the antiquities of the land he is profoundly ignorant, and many of the things which he writes must be taken with cau-

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tion. His interest, however, is in things modern, and to these he sticks closely for the most part. But he has marred his book by introducing many rather indelicate stories and incidents and comments which greatly detract from its dignity and from one's pleasure in reading it.

Prof. Ferdinand Schwill of Chicago has succeeded in the enterprise of reducing all European history from the revolt of Luther to the marriage of King Alfonso into one small volume ("A Political History of Modern Europe," Scribners). His method is that of the text-book, and the ideal that has inspired it is the compression of the greatest amount of history into the least possible space. In the latter respect, the book is eminently successful; it almost suggests Ploetz's "Epitome." As to the historical element, one need not go beyond the author's own ingenuous admission that his volume "must needs give the impression of being hurried and superficial, and be guilty of a large number of glaring omissions."

Lord Avebury's "Municipal and National Trading" (The Macmillan Co.) is the latest addition to the output of books upon a subject that vitally interests the British as well as ourselves. It would be highly agreeable to the reviewer to say that the volume is worthy of its distinguished author, but it is impossible for him to do so. The materials appear to have been gathered hastily, and are thrown together in slap-dash fashion. Long extracts are reproduced from familiar works, which are better known than this one can ever be, the selections are sometimes made uncritically, and not a few of the chapters are thoroughly incoherent. Some of our readers may remember that a certain American author recently got himself into very hot water by stating that the failure of the Prussian Government to make "group rates" on milk led to the stabling of countless thousands of cows in the city of Berlin. We observe with regret that Lord Avebury has reproduced this celebrated passage, *verbatim et literatim*, and shall expect to see the advocates of government ownership rend him limb from limb. To the general extension of public trading, whether national or municipal, Lord Avebury is stanchly opposed, and he is able to present a good many reasons why it is desirable to be extremely cautious in passing upon projects for nationalization or municipalization. With his conclusions, we can entirely agree, but this fact merely increases our regret that he has not taken the pains to present his case in a satisfactory and convincing form.

"The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany," by E. D. Howard (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the essay which received the first prize in the competition established by Messrs. Hart, Schaffner & Marx of Chicago, in 1905. It is a somewhat commonplace doctor's dissertation which reviews the industrial and commercial progress of Germany since 1871, and then discusses the causes contributing thereto. The industrial capacity of the Germans, their zeal in applying science to practical affairs, their genius for taking pains—all these and many other elements in the problem have been made tolerably familiar to us by the discussions of the last ten or a dozen years; and it cannot be said that Mr. Howard has made any substantial contribution to our knowledge of the subject. His essay may be useful, however, to readers who desire a general account of the rise of Germany to the rank of a great industrial and commercial Power. He would have done well to avoid such pitfalls as are set for the unwary by Mulhall's "Dictionary of Statistics," and he misleads his readers sadly when he tells them that the "profits" from the railways owned by the German states amount to $461,000,000. This figure can, at the most, represent the "earnings from operation"; the "profits," after allowing for debt charges, can be but a fraction of the amount stated. We wonder, too, why he persists in calling the Zollverein the "Zollvereine."

The recent issue of the *Vierteljahrshefte zur Stastistik des Deutschen Reichs* brings the complete statistics of the strikes in Germany during the year 1906. The whole number was 3,228, as compared with 2,403 the preceding year. The number of concerns affected was 16,246, or 1,766 more than in the year 1905. The total number of men who struck was 272,218, while those additional who were affected by the strikes was 24,433. In 2,343 cases the strikes were caused by a demand for higher wages, and in 452 cases for pay for extra hours. In 864 cases there was a demand for shorter hours, and in 202 cases recognition of the union was the object sought for. The number of strikes decided by compromise and arbitration is constantly increasing. The same issue of this official journal also reports that in the first quarter of the present year 293 strikes had been satisfactorily adjusted, which had affected 1,300 concerns, and compelled 19,564 workmen to remain idle.

The quater-centenary of the University of Aberdeen, 1906, was commemorated by the publication of "Studies in the History and Art of the Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire," a collection of papers written by seven graduates of that institution. The field is restricted to Asia Minor, and the work is published under the editorial supervision of W. M. Ramsay, professor of humanity in Aberdeen, well known as the author of "Cities and Bishoprics of Phrygia." Professor Ramsay also contributes three of the papers. The volume is appropriate, because of the fact that during the past generation Aberdeen has taken the lead in the exploration of that field; according to the editor, the bulk of the work of her graduates equals that of all other explorers together. In an admirable study of "Isaurian and East Phrygian Art in the Third and Fourth Centuries after Christ," A. Margaret Ramsay, daughter of the editor, maintains the view of Strzygowski that the artistic revival of that time and place was a part of the reaction of the East against the dominance of Rome—a movement which found its most vital expression in Christianity. The student of law and institutions will be interested in "Epitaphs in Phrygian Greek," by A. Petrie, and in J. Fraser's "Inheritance by Adoption and Marriage in Phrygia." The English translations of the inscriptions treated will make these articles more widely serviceable. This feature is worth imitating. To the general reader, Professor Ramsay's paper on "The War of Moslem and Christian for the Possession of Asia Minor" will doubtless appear most attractive, because of its bearing on the "Eastern question," and of the liberal spirit in which the conflicting religions are treated. The writer praises the work of American educators in Asia Minor, and expresses the hope that "the creation of ideals and aspirations among the Moslem women" now in progress may eventually renovate and ennoble their sect. The volume, including several papers not mentioned here, is an example of Scotch solidity in scholarship.

Basque scholars will be interested in E. S. Dodgson's "Leiçarragan Verb" (Henry Frowde), being "an analysis of the 703 verbal forms in the gospel according to Matthew." Leiçarraga's translation of the New Testament, other portions of which have already been analyzed by the present editor, first appeared in 1571. It was dedicated to the then Queen of Navarre, the mother of Henry IV., and shows close study as well of the Greek text as of the French version by Calvin, of whose sect Leiçarraga became an adherent. The present volume is described as a "Lexicological grammar or a grammatical Lexicon." The rules and definitions are in every case illustrated by examples, those in French being drawn from "Le Nouveau Testament," printed for S. Honorati at Lyon in 1566. Should he have the means at his disposal, Mr. Dodgson proposes to put out similar synopses of the Epistles to the Romans and Corinthians, the Acts of the Apostles, and the gospels of St. John and St. Luke, as well as an analytical Index to the whole of the "Lexiçarragan Verb."

The Rev. J. R. Wilkinson's translation of Harnack's "Luke the Physician" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) renders one of the most noteworthy recent contributions to New Testament criticism available to English readers. General interest has been excited in Harnack's spirited defence of the correctness of the early tradition, which ascribes both the Acts and the third Gospel to Luke, but the more weighty portion of the essay is a minute examination of the vocabulary, syntax, and style of the "we-sections" of Acts, and a comparison, in these respects, with the remainder of Acts and also with the third Gospel. To those who are disposed to attach weight to linguistic arguments of this sort, the facts brought to light by Harnack will doubtless be convincing, for it must be said that he has discovered a large number of striking parallels. This method of proof, however, is more than a little precarious. The real question is not whether the tradition as to the author is correct, but whether the representation of the development of primitive Christianity and of the personality of Paul afforded by the Lukan history is true to fact. As to this larger question, Harnack does not offer much consolation to those who contend for the trustworthiness and reliability of the author of the first church history. The suggestion that the special interest of Luke in the Samaritans and in the women of the gospel story is to be traced to the evangelist Philip and his four prophesying daughters, is not likely to meet with favor.

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Harnack appears to have a genuinely popular fondness for the connection of traditions with particular persons. The English translation corrects the statement of the German edition that the prominence of women in the third Gospel had not previously been noted, reference being made to Plummer. Whatever be one's opinion of the propositions on which Harnack lays chiefest stress, the value of the book as a contribution to the history of the fixing of the evangelic tradition cannot be questioned.

The plea for an undogmatic Church is not new, but J. M. Lloyd Thomas in "A Free Catholic Church" (London: Williams & Norgate) introduces a fresh phase into the discussion. Instead of the simplicity of worship and distrust of doctrine which have characterized liberal movements hitherto, he would have full recognition of the importance of dogma and the need of symbolism, maintained, however, in utmost liberty. His hope for substantial and permanent reformation, therefore, is along the line that would naturally be chosen by liberal Catholics, and his opinion is worth quoting:

It would hardly be astonishing if the men who will really organize the Free Catholic Church should turn out to be, not the advanced theologians of the Protestant school, but the more daring Liberals of the Roman Communion, precipitated to decisive and independent action by some such crisis as we now see going on in France. These would, at any rate, have the incalculable advantage of being able to bring to the modern movement not only a peculiar appreciation of what is essentially venerable in antiquity and a cultivated perception and taste in matters of ecclesiastical art, ritual, and symbolism, but also, what is far more valuable, that living concrete sense of the historical continuity of the Church without which every reformation is foredoomed to failure.

The continued prosperity of Australia and New Zealand has given a fillip to the publishing trade. Several Australian and New Zealand firms issue fiction, poems, and histories that command the approval of English and American critics and have gained a wide circulation. The popular English "series" has been at length imported, and Whitcombe & Tombs of Christchurch have projected one such called "Makers of Australasia." The initial volume will be on Capt. Cook, probably by Prof. Macmillan Brown of Christchurch. The next most important volume will be that on Sir George Grey. As Governor of South Australia, twice Governor of New Zealand through long and critical periods, High Commissioner at the Cape, and in later years Premier of New Zealand, he has many titles to attention.

Jens Lyng, once a lieutenant in the Danish army and lately editor of the Melbourne *Norden*, has just published a brochure on the part played by Scandinavians in Australasia (Melbourne: George Robertson & Co.). As in the United States, they have engaged in almost all occupations, save commerce, where they have failed; they have eminently contributed to acclimatize the profitable butter industry, and they have been prominent in sugar-refining. Their greatest names are those of Monrad and Müller. Bishop Monrad was Prime Minister of Denmark when the disastrous Schleswig-Holstein war broke out, and he fled before the storm of unpopularity that broke on him. He settled in New Zealand, where his family still lives, though he himself returned to Denmark and was reappointed a bishop. Baron Sir Ferdinand von Müller was also a Dane, but only by naturalization; he ranks as the greatest of Australian botanists. Born in 1825, he became Government Botanist at Victoria in the early fifties. He was a heroic toiler, and regularly "put in, even when an old man, upwards of 120 hours a week." He was famous, but poor and eccentric. When he was short of cash, he reduced the quantity of sugar in his tea, and, to the last, contemplated marrying an heiress. When his old wooden bed broke down, he propped it with a tin box containing his twenty-six foreign orders and decorations. He wore wooden clogs, a long woollen muffler for cravat, and sometimes a tea cosy in place of a woollen cap. He died in 1896.

The last publication of the Folk-lore Society (1904) has for its subject "Jamaican Song and Story," of which Walter Jekyll has collected and edited numerous examples. As Miss Werner points out in the introduction, they are a mixture of European and African elements. The tales in so far as they are African are not Bantu in origin, like those of the Middle and Southern States of America, but have much in common with the folklore of the West Coast, or Upper Guinea, whence the negroes of Jamaica would seem to have been chiefly drawn. Most of the actors in them are animals, "Aunancy" (the word is Tshi or Ashanti for spider) playing much the same part in them as Brer Rabbit in the Bantu stories. They are not so interesting as the latter, but they have a dry humor of their own, not at all to be despised; the foreign stories, for example, "Mr. Bluebeard" or "The Three Pigs," have lost nothing by being imported. The tunes which make up the remainder of the volume fall under two main heads, "digging-sings" and dancing-tunes. The digging-sings are used as an accompaniment to field-labor. The words are often improvised, turning on pieces of current gossip. This is also the case with the dancing-tunes, the music of which is usually imported. Besides the formal dances, the steps of which are thoroughly known, there is an informal kind, mixed with horseplay known as "playing in the ring." The book ends with an appendix by C. S. Myers on "Traces of African Melody in Jamaica" and one on "English Airs and Motifs in Jamaica," by L. E. Broadwood. The former contains three interesting examples of music recorded in Sir Hans Sloane's "Voyage to Jamaica" in 1688.

To Dr. Friedrich S. Krauss's enthusiastic study of gypsy folk-lore in general, and especially to his success in collating the 850 stories from Southern Slavs presented in the first four volumes of his "Anthropophyteia," published last year, is due his "Zigeunerhumor," volumes vii. and viii. of Der Volksmund (New York: G. E. Stechert & Co.). Krauss is reputed to have a vast amount of gypsy material at his disposal; but to insure the greatest authenticity, he his limited himself to the Serbo-Croatians, with whom he is best acquainted, and even in this he was assisted by Tihomir R. Gjorgjević and other well-known gypsy students. He believes that the gypsies are a better people than they are generally reputed to be, and he has found 250 stories illustrating their humor, of which sixty have never before been published. Sometimes the Western reader may be tempted to wonder where the humor comes in, and perhaps this would be the case more frequently if the considerate editor, knowing both the Germanic and Slavic ways of thinking, did not add an *Anmerkung* or two explaining the joke. Many of the stories, however, are as clever as the thousand and one German anecdotes that have found a place in text-books for schools and colleges; and some are surprisingly similar, showing either the influence of the same traditions, or the tendency of the human mind to run in the same channels. Not a few show a naïveté as pronounced as could be expected of these ever-wandering people. Thus, when a gypsy was asked, "For what purpose has God created you?" he replied: "That I may eat, drink, dance, and sleep." And another answered the question, "How do you manage to know, without a watch, when it is midday?" with, "By my stomach and the position of the sun." The stories are grouped together in seven divisions, according to the gypsy's idea of the abstract world, his sense of earthly justice, his principles in contending for perishable goods, his methods as a merchant and a dealer, his part in social intercourse, his nature as a social being, and his cleverness in telling fairy-stories. There is a bibliography of sixteen works bearing on the subject—but one or two in German—published between 1838 and 1905. Incidentally a pleasant picture of the life of the typical German-bred scholar is afforded in the narrative of how Krauss and Gjorgjević came together in Vienna in the spring of 1902, to look over Gjorgjević's rich collection of manuscripts, and spent four to five hours every evening for months examining the finds, *buchstäblich, Wort für Wort!*

In an interesting and profusely illustrated volume entitled "Mehr Licht," just published by Hinrichs in Leipzig, Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch of Berlin, author of "Babel und Bibel," derives the mediæval witchcraft delusion from Babylonian sources. That similar beliefs and practices prevailed among the Babylonians or Chaldeans is proved by the discovery and decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions on a series of clay tablets called *Maglû* (burning), belonging to the library of Asurbanipal. These records show that the Babylonians attributed to witches a mysterious and malign influence, which could be counteracted only through the agency of fire, but as this end could be obtained by burning them in effigy their punishment was free from the horrors connected with witchcraft persecutions in Christian countries, where it has been estimated that this superstition has caused nine million innocent persons, of whom the great majority were the noblest and most intelligent of their day and generation, to be tortured on the rack and to be burned at the stake. Indeed, a decree of Hammurabi declared that whoever accused an innocent person of sorcery should be condemned to death and to the confiscation of his property. The sense of justice and the humane spirit manifest in this enactment present a striking contrast to the absurdities and atrocities enjoined and enforced in papal bulls, ecclesiastical canons, and the notorious tractate "Malleus Maleficarum." Professor Delitzsch's theory that

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this pernicious infatuation was transmitted from the Chaldeans through the Egyptians to the Greeks and Romans, and the other European nations is questionable. He maintains that it originated in the inexplicable nature of the manifold sorrows and sufferings of mankind and especially the maladies to which all are subject. Such afflictions and calamities would be intelligible as penalties for sin; but why should upright and virtuous men and even saints be thus tormented, unless it be the work of Satan and his satellites? The easiest solution of this puzzling problem would be to ascribe all miseries and misfortunes of this kind to evil spirits acting through the medium of witches as their agents. But why should not other nations endowed with the same faculties in the same stage of intellectual development as the Babylonians, and giving rein to the phantasy in the same direction, account for the mysterious phenomena in the same way?

When Georg Büchmann, in 1864, made more popular Homer's expression, ἔπεα πτερόεντα, in his "Geflügelte Worte," he could hardly have hoped that the book would attain the widespread fame that it has. Yet, in forty-three years it has seen twenty-three editions, and its one hundred and fifty thousandth copy has just been issued from the press of the Haude and Spenersche Buchhandlung in Berlin. This latest edition, prepared under the editorial supervision of Eduard Ippel, is a still further enlargement of Büchmann's original work, extended by Walter Robert-tornow, and is more than ever an interesting volume; but the American reader will wonder if it might not easily have been prepared for a more extensive circulation. Catchy words and phrases from the Bible, from sagas and folk-stories, and from Oriental, classical, Germanic, and romance writers are compiled, of course, and many are accompanied by their exact counterparts in German; but in the 589 pages devoted to the text, there are very few extracts from American sources. Ben Franklin and his "Ça ira!" and George Washington and "Brother Jonathan," lead off the list; "Uncle Sam" is added; and the origin of the "yellow press" and the "open door" are given. Besides the above, however, only Irving and Cooper (classed as English writers) are mentioned. Strangest of all is the omission, under Dickens, of the immortal expectation of Mr. Micawber that something would "turn up"—a bit of English known to Germans wherever a word of English is spoken or read. Kaiser Wilhelm II. joins the ranks of literary celebrities in his frequent use of the sentiment, "Blood is thicker than water," and in his prophecy that Germany's "Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser"; but neither Hauptmann, Sudermann, nor Frenssen appears to have said anything very taking, and Wildenbruch is mentioned but once. There are biographical sketches of Büchmann and Robert-tornow; with a portrait of the former, and 178 pages of index, naturally an essential for such a work. In the light of the antiquated, if not impossible, English retained in every German-English, English-German dictionary edited abroad, and the strange omissions of American and English topics in the best of the German encyclopædias, it would be interesting to try the experiment, in the preparation of a book like this, of adding an American editor to the board.

Prof. Ernesto Masi of Florence has recently prepared for the Biblioteca Storica Andrea Ponti a "Catalogo di Alcuni Libri per la Storia del Risorgimento Italiano," which will be indispensable to all readers or students in the field of modern Italian history. In the course of less than one hundred pages of text Professor Masi gives not only a brief and acute opinion on several hundred books, but also a remarkable analysis of the evolution of the Risorgimento itself. He divides his subject into eight periods, beginning in 1748, when the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle marked the dawn of modern conditions, and ending in 1870, when the unification of Italy was completed by the redemption of Rome. Readers who know Professor Masi's essays need not be told that even in what modestly purports to be only a *catalogue raisonné*, but is in fact much more, his penetrating insight, his compact, witty phrases, and his ripe judgment abound. He is judicial without sacrificing his personal preferences. It would be difficult, for instance, for anyone to state more fairly than he has done, the merits and defects of the large works of Cesare Cantù or of Tivaroni, or of Saffi; while his two or three-line summing up of the qualities of a monograph is usually definitive. He hears all sides, searches with equal curiosity the testimony of Blacks and Reds, and is concerned to see not what fits his theory but what actually occurred. "We do not scruple to confess," he says, "that admiration for Count Cavour is the sole partisanism which still remains in our mind." At the end of his text, he gives in chronological sections the bibliographical lists. The books he cites are all either in Italian or in French. This catalogue should be in every library, and may serve as a model for bibliographers who are also men of culture.

Psychologists of tribal and racial characteristics have not yet explained why South Italy has been so prolific in philosophers. Thomas Aquinas, Giordano Bruno, Campanella, Vico—to mention only the names of the most famous—were natives of the former Kingdom of Naples, and to-day Prof. Benedetto Croce, a Neapolitan, is the acutest philosophical mind in Italy. Although he has turned aside from philosophy to criticism, in the broadest meaning of that art, and devotes himself chiefly to the editing of the remarkable journal, *La Critica*, he recently published "Ciò Che è Vivo e Ciò Che è Morto della Filosofia di Hegel," a compact and pithy book, which should find an English translator. Professor Croce is by tradition and training an Hegelian, but not a doctrinaire, so that he has been able to discriminate between the transient and the permanent in Hegelianism as it stands to-day. An ample bibliography adds to the usefulness of his analysis for students. Professor Croce has also edited "Studi Letterari e Bizzarie Satiriche" of that fervid Neapolitan genius, Vittorio Imbriani, who died prematurely in 1885. Among these essays are papers on "The Value of Foreign Art for Italians," "The Laws of the Poetic Organism," "Berchet and Italian Romanticism," "Dante's Vices," and "Alfieri's Style." The literary critic, the philosopher, the sociologist, and the mere "gentle reader" will each find profit or entertainment in Imbriani's lively pages. Both volumes are published in the excellent Biblioteca di Cultura Moderna (Bari: Gius Laterza e Figli).

In the *Bullettino Senese di Storia Patria* (vol. xiv., 1907, Fasc. 1) some curious details are published touching the status of the Jews in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries under the penal law. The nature of the article will, perhaps, be best indicated by an example. It appears that in 1348 a certain Jacob Daltali, a Hebrew, "homo male condictionis, conversationis, vite et fame," was condemned to death by the Potestà for adultery, theft, and highway robbery. After his sentence the convict expressed willingness to embrace Christianity and was thereupon baptized. His case was once more brought before the Potestà, who now held that he must be forthwith liberated on the ground that "Jacobus ebreus" had absolutely ceased to exist, and that his crimes could by no means be visited upon Lorenzo Domenico, the Christian, "aqua sacratissimi batissimi renatum." In 1472, two other Jews escaped punishment under like circumstances by a similar timely conversion. The documents in both cases are published *in extenso* and are worthy of study. The article, entitled "Conversioni," is signed "M."

Antonio Favaro, professor of law in the University of Padua and editor of the "Editione Nazionale delle Opere Galileo Galilei," issued under the auspices of the King of Italy, has published a book entitled "Galileo and the Inquisition," in which all the original documents referring to his persecution and prosecution, preserved in the secret archives of the Vatican and the Holy Office, are printed for the first time. Although the facts are well known, the form in which these inquistorial proceedings are here presented invests them with peculiar interest. Pope Urban VIII., who as Cardinal was a patron of Galileo, but through offended personal vanity became his cruel persecutor, appears in a very unfavorable light.

Signora Fanny Zampini-Salazar, in "La Vita e le Opere di Roberto Browning ed Elisabetta Barrett-Browning" (Rome: Società Tipografico-Editrice Nazionale), provides for Italian readers a sympathetic biographical sketch, enriched with translations of many letters and with paraphrases of the principal poems of Robert and Mrs. Browning. Italy was so much the home of the poets that such a work, by a writer who, like them, has Anglo-Italian affinities, ought to interest English-reading Brownings. Senatore Fogazzaro contributes to the volume a short preface, in which he declares himself an equal admirer of the "arduous Robert" and the "imaginative Elizabeth." He particularly esteems "Aurora Leigh."

Volume XXXIV. of the Transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan is completed in Part iv. (pp. 224), notable for three papers which reveal why the inside bolt of the closed Japan of 1853 was so readily withdrawn, and Perry's work made so easy. Outwardly one would suppose that warships compelled the opening of the hermit nation. Acquaintance with facts shows that the work was done mainly within, and

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that Japan's course has, before and since Perry, been one of steady evolution. Prof. Arthur Lloyd's paper on "The Historical Development of the Shushi Philosophy in Japan (1561-1860)" is virtually a survey of Confucianism in that country. First imported in the sixth century as simple ritual and ethics, it remained in practical alliance with Buddhism and Shinto. After its twelfth century restatement, in China, by Shushi (Chu Hi), the neo-Confucianism came to Japan flowing in two streams. Shushi's forms were in the seventeenth century made national orthodoxy by the Yeddo shogunate, and in the next century Shushiism was a virtual State inquisition, hostility to which meant torture, imprisonment, decapitation, or *hara-kiri*. Opposed, both in China and Japan, to Shushi's system was that of Oyomei, which cast aside the subtleties of the Chinese schoolmen's speculations on human nature and deity (impersonal), and identified knowledge and action. Under Shushiism most of the conservatives, before the pivot year of 1868, were reared; under the Oyomei philosophy, almost all of the men who have made the new Japan. In recent years modern Occidental philosophy has virtually displaced Confucianism in Japan. R. J. Kirby's paper on "Educational Control, by Dazai Jun," who wrote before Perry's time, shows that some native seers protested vigorously against feudalism and repression of thought, and that the ultimate and irresistible forces of the revolution of 1868 worked from within, and not from without. Dr. D. C. Greene publishes the correspondence, in Japanese, Dutch, and English, of King William II. of Holland in 1844, advising the Japanese to enter into friendly relations with other nations. In the valuable discussions (p. 23) it is shown beyond cavil that "while Perry and his treaty may properly enough be taken as marking an epoch in the history of Japan, they did not set in motion the really efficient forces which have created the new life."

In the Paris *Figaro* M. de Mathusieux has given a provisional account of his excavations in the ancient Cyrenaica, the most important Hellenic colony in Africa. He lays stress on the great possibilities of the site, which has never been properly explored and which must contain many ancient Greek remains. The present ruins are extensive and contain remains of streets, aqueducts, temples, theatres, tombs with inscriptions, fragments of sculpture, and traces of paintings. There is a danger that these ruins will be covered with sand from the Libyan desert, and therefore the sooner systematic excavations are undertaken the better.

The International Council of Unitarians and other liberal religious thinkers and workers, to be held in Boston, September 21 to 27, will bring to America an unusual number of European savants to participate in the congress. From Germany alone there will be at least three leading lights of progressive theological and philosophical thought: Professor Pfleiderer of Berlin, who was also present in St. Louis; Professor Martin Rade of the University of Warburg, the brilliant editor of the *Christliche Welt*, the leading organ of progressive theology in the Fatherland; and Dr. Max Fischer, whose advanced views have made him the subject of discipline on the part of the church authorities. In addition, Prof. R. Eucken, the famous Jena philosopher, sends a paper. Austria, Holland, England, France, Denmark, are all represented on the programme, which has just been completed and published in several languages.

Among the most famous secondary schools of Prussia, is the Royal Joachimstal Gymnasium in Berlin. The three-hundredth anniversary of its foundation will be celebrated this month with literary exercises, including the presentation of the "King Œdipus" of Sophocles in the original Greek on the 22d and 24th.

THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.

The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the Late Lord Acton: Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt.D.; Stanley Leathes, M.A., Volume IV. The Thirty Years' War. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4 net.

This great historical undertaking goes steadily on its way, and has now, after an experience of more than three years, during which successive volumes have been appearing, settled down into a pretty uniform level of quality and a pretty uniform method of treatment. In each of the first two or three volumes the number of contributors was comparatively large; they were varied in training and character; their contributions were correspondingly diverse in manner and style. The last two or three volumes (seven have now appeared) were the work of fewer writers; but in that which now lies before us we find chapters by sixteen, several of whom appear for the first time. They are as follows: Six of the chapters, all of the first importance, because they include the tangled history of the Thirty Years' War and the Peace of Westphalia, are from the learned and practised pen of Dr. A. W. Ward, who is one of the editors of the "Cambridge History." Two, those on Richelieu and Mazarin, are by another editor, Stanley Leathes. Four are by the third editor, Dr. G. W. Prothero, who, in two of them, has the coöperation of Col. E. M. Lloyd. These four cover the great civil war in England. Two other chapters are by Dr. W. A. Shaw, two by W. F. Reddaway, and the remainder by Horatio Brown. Dr. Tanner, Professor Hume Brown of Edinburgh, Professor Firth of Oxford, R. Dunlop, Dr. Moritz Brosch, Professor Egerton of Oxford, Edmundson, Clutton Broch, and Émile Boutroux.

These names prepare the reader for the maintenance of a high standard, and a high standard is, in fact, maintained throughout. Everywhere one finds care, accuracy, and a businesslike spirit, which presents the facts in a clear and coherent way. One might almost wish for a little more comment and reflection, a little more in the way of appreciative study of the leading characters and discussion of the issues which from time to time come up.

The *pièce de résistance* of this volume is the Thirty Years' War. It broods over the landscape like one of those summer thunderstorms among the hills which go wandering hither and thither round the sky, flashing lightning now from the east and now from the west, bursting with torrents of rain now at one, now at another part of the valley. The story of it is not simply a dreary and dismal story, relieved only by the nobility of Gustavus Adolphus and the striking, if enigmatic, personality of Wallenstein, but a very intricate story, which it needs profound knowledge and much skill to make intelligible. Dr. Ward (master of Peterhouse in the University of Cambridge, England) fortunately possesses these advantages, and has done all that can be done to straighten out the tangled tale. He dwells upon the sufferings of the German people and the economic ruin of the country in terms which are the more impressive because he is a cautious and sober writer, not given to exaggeration. They make useful reading for those historians who, struck by occasional acts of heroism, have dwelt on the moral services which war renders to national character:

> The effects of the Thirty Years' War furnish perhaps the most appalling demonstrations of the consequences of war to be found in history. The mighty impulses which the great movements of the Renaissance and Reformation had imparted to the aspirations and efforts of contemporary German life, were quenched in the century of religious conflict which ended with the exhausting struggle of this war; the mainspring of the national life was broken, and to all seeming, broken forever. The ruin of agriculture was the most striking, as it was the most far-reaching, result of this all-destructive war. Each one of the marches, counter-marches, sieges, reliefs, invasions, occupations, evacuations, and re-occupations was accompanied by devastations carried out impartially by "friend" or foe. For the peasants who dwelt upon the land there was no safety except in flight; their harvests, their cattle, the roof over their heads, were at the mercy of the soldiery; and as the war went on whole districts were converted into deserts. . . . The destruction of villages was probably carried in Bohemia to the most awful lengths. Of a total of 35,000 Bohemian villages, it is stated that hardly more than 6,000 were left standing. . . . A comparison of statements as to particular territories in Germany seems to show that the population of the Empire had diminished by at least two-thirds, from over sixteen to under six millions. In accounting for this loss it was reckoned (but how could the reckoning be verified?) that not far short of 350,000 persons had perished by the sword; famine, disease, and emigration had done the rest. . . . During more than a generation after the conclusion of the war a full third of the land in northern Germany was left uncultivated. Cattle and sheep diminished to an extraordinary extent, and many once fertile districts became deserts inhabited by wolves and other savage beasts. The cultivation of many products of the land passed out of use in particular districts, or altogether. . . . As the war reduced agriculture to an almost hopeless depression, and lowered the condition of the peasantry to a level at which it remained for the better part of two centuries, so were its effects hardly less disastrous upon the middle or burgher class and upon the trade and industry to which the members of that class had primarily owed their prosperity. The population of the towns, as a whole, is estimated to have declined during the war in a ratio less by one-third than that of the country districts. (Pp. 417-419.)

Dr. Ward proceeds, in a passage too long for quotation, to show how the ruin of German agriculture and commerce told upon the cities. The Hanseatic towns declined, except Hamburg and Bremen, whose position on the North Sea gave them a better chance than those which touched the Baltic. The two great commercial centres of the south, Augsburg and Nürnberg, also lost their prosperity and preëminence. When we are struck by the extraordinary industrial and commercial development of Germany during the last forty years, it is

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well to remember that the apparent stagnation in which she lay during the eighteenth century was not due to any want of natural resources or of practical ability, but largely to one terrible political catastrophe which not only ruined the country economically, but left it in a political situation unfavorable to economic recovery, because it was divided up among a great number of petty States, governed in an arbitrary fashion by selfish princes, who were not only selfish, but shortsighted, and whose system of tolls, tariffs, and imposts retarded the revival of industry and the development of commerce.

We have all become so much accustomed of late years to dwell upon geographical and other physical conditions as the dominant factors in history as sometimes to forget what a tremendous and lasting effect political calamities may have. The Thirty Years' War, in the setback which it gave to the growth of Germany in pretty nearly every side of life and every form of activity, is a useful corrective to this tendency. On its directly political effects, in the opportunity which it opened to France to secure that leading position in Europe which she held for at least a century, there is less need to dwell. The policy of Richelieu, favored by the Thirty Years' War, made the European dominance of Louis the Fourteenth easy, despite the internal troubles from which France had been hardly more exempt than were Germany and England.

Next to Germany, England is the country whose annals are in the seventeenth century of most permanent interest and significance. In one respect they are even of far higher significance, for they brought out political principles and they furnished constitutional—or unconstitutional and revolutionary—precedents which came to exert a far-reaching influence upon other countries and above all upon the English colonies in North America. To American readers, therefore, the history of the struggle of King Charles the First with his Parliaments, ending in the Civil War, the Protectorate, and the reëstablishment, on a changed basis, changed more in fact than in form, of the ancient monarchy, will be the most interesting part of this volume. It has been dealt with by Dr. Prothero, Col. Lloyd (where the military part comes in), Dr. W. A. Shaw, Dr. Tanner (for the naval parts), and Professor Firth, who has succeeded to the place long held by the late Professor Gardiner as the highest living authority on the Commonwealth period.

All these writers have the merit of approaching their subject in a candid and impartial spirit. It may seem that this is a quality too obviously necessary for a historian to need mention or commendation. Nevertheless, there are English historians in whose breasts the embers of partisanship are not wholly extinct when they deal with the seventeenth century in England, while as regards Scotland and Ireland, one cannot confidently expect to find fairness. Round the Rebellion and so-called "massacre" of 1641 in Ireland, round the Covenanters and their enemies in Scotland, the fire of controversy still now and then continues to leap up out of its ashes. We find every ground, however, for trusting Dr. Prothero and Dr. Shaw, as well as Professor Firth. They tell the story clearly and carefully; and almost the only criticism we feel disposed to make is that the origin and evolution of those political theories in which the period of the Civil War was fertile might have been dealt with rather more fully and indeed have had a chapter to itself, such as that chapter (somewhat too dry and curt) which is given to the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly of Divines.

The genealogy of doctrines relating to the nature and power of government, civil and ecclesiastical, is a topic of so much interest and importance that in a great historical treatise of this kind it deserves to be treated as a main line of investigation and description, instead of as a mere incident in the course of public events. One may say that the theoretical discussion of these subjects began in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with the struggle between church and state over the question of investitures, and is continued as part of the general conflict between the spiritual and the secular powers till the middle of the fifteenth century. After a short period of quiescence, it reëmerges in the controversies to which the Reformation gives rise, and rages from the contemporaries of Bodin down to the contemporaries of Locke, in forms which are all more or less colored by religious feeling or ecclesiastical dogma. But in France and Germany, in the hands of the Jesuit controversialists, and of Protestants like John Althaus, it is always doctrinal or speculative. The English parliamentary conflict and the Scotch revolutionary movements, which began with the famous General Assembly at Glasgow in 1638, supplied the first opportunity for giving practical effect to theories regarding the relations of kings to subjects, and the rights of the civil magistrate, whether under a monarchy or a republic, over the conscience and the worship of the citizen. Hence, the greater actuality of the discussions of these topics in England; hence the added value which discussion had when theories could be brought to the test of working, as they were in the long struggle between the Presbyterians and the Independents in the days of Cromwell, and in the parallel struggle, on a far smaller scale, but of hardly less real significance, between the Puritans, who ruled Massachusetts, and Roger Williams. In those days the questions at issue were debated primarily as they affected religion. In the eighteenth century their ecclesiastical trappings had dropped off them. They stood forth in the minds of the insurgent American colonists in and after 1775 as political questions, and everybody knows what they became in France and in Europe generally from 1789 onwards.

It is an almost inevitable consequence of the plan of this series which commits to different writers different short periods or phases of history, that a character or a career which extends over several of these periods may in no single chapter be fully dealt with. With Gustavus Adolphus and Richelieu, Oliver Cromwell is the most remarkable figure in the epoch covered in this volume (1618-1660). Gustavus is briefly, but effectively dealt with by Dr. Ward. Richelieu is similarly handled in a very terse and weighty paragraph by Mr. Leathes (p. 157). We do not find any similar connected view of the great Protector, summing up his gifts and characterizing his policy. This is, however, the less necessary, because Dr. S. R. Gardiner, in his great history and minor writings, has provided ample material, and delivered what may prove to be a final judgment. There is nothing in these chapters to affect that judgment. Cromwell, as protector, had an extraordinarily difficult situation to deal with: and was much less master of events than the superficial students of earlier days had assumed. He was sincerely anxious to be as much of a constitutional ruler as he possibly could. But he was not only constantly threatened by opposition and by conspiracies from both sides, from the Republicans on the one side and the Royalists on the other; he had also the army to think of and to keep in hand, and he was frequently obliged to depart from his own views of the best course in order to secure the support of that necessary basis of a power which meant order and peace. The army, although in a sense his own creation, was a force which neither owed him that sort of loyalty which an hereditary king can command nor felt towards him that personal attachment which a successful adventurer inspires who leads his troops to foreign conquest and rewards them by gifts made at the expense of his own civil subjects or of the enemy. The army had its own ideas and purposes, which were sometimes the more difficult to overcome because they had their root in what it deemed its principles. All things considered, Cromwell contrasts very favorably with most men who have risen to power in the midst of a revolution.

This notice must not end without some mention of two very interesting chapters devoted, one to what is here called the "Fantastic School" of English poetry, especially Donne, Herbert, Vaughan, Traherne, Crashaw, and Marvell; and the other (by M. Boutroux) to the movements of philosophic thought embodied in Descartes, Gassendi, and Pascal. Both chapters are in their respective ways singularly penetrating and suggestive. Nor ought we to forget the bibliography. This has been a prominent feature of the "Cambridge Modern History" from its beginning. The present volume contains a list of books, pamphlets, and manuscript sources bearing upon the Thirty Years' War and Peace of Westphalia of quite exceptional fulness and value. It occupies seventy pages and ought to be of the greatest possible service to all future students of this extraordinarily difficult period.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Mirror of Shalott. By the Rev. Robert Hugh Benson. New York: Benziger Bros.

Father Benson, like the other brilliant sons of the late archbishop, is a fluent and spirited writer. Like his brother, the don, he pursues the theme of the moment with a certain breathlessness, a wistful reaching after the solution of problems of human character and experience which can never, we suppose, be absolutely solved. But for its garb of fiction and its Romanist feeling, this volume might have been written by the author of "From a

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College Window" and "The Gate of Death." It might be called a Decameron of the preternatural. A group of priests, of many nations and temperaments, meet in "the *sala* of the presbytery attached to the Church of S. Philippo in Rome." At supper the talk has turned from miracles upon modern psychical manifestations: "levitation, table-turning, family curses, ghosts, and banshees." One of them, an Italian, expresses disbelief in all such phenomena, and swears that no one present "has such a tale at first hand." Another asserts that all of them, including the incredulous Father Bianchi, must have had some personal experience of the preternatural, and volunteers to tell a story of his own, in the expectation that the rest will eventually take their turn. So it comes about, the number of tales being swelled by a succession of guests, both lay and clerical, and concluding with the author's own story. The result is not a series of ghost stories in the ordinary sense. The spook here is nothing for his own sake; indeed, the mere apparition plays little part in what is really a study of the unseen and malignant Presence. Father Benson's "mirror" shows certain dark reflections of that evil somewhat working against righteousness, of whose existence and activity he evidently has no doubt. In specific manifestations of this malign personality he does not profess or invite belief. "I maintain," says the "Monsignor Maxwell" who presides ex-officio over these informal conferences, "I maintain that agnosticism is the only reasonable position in these matters. Your common agnostic is no agnostic at all; he is the most dogmatic of sectarians. He declares that such things do not happen, or that they can be explained always on a materialistic basis. Now, your Catholic——"

Why, the Protestant mind may find itself inquiring, should not faith embrace manifestations of the power of the Adversary, as well as of miraculous beneficence? Does not the testimony of the Scriptures and the Fathers afford basis for belief in both phenomena? Our narrator, at all events, is satisfied with the dictum of his superior. He receives permission to put the series of tales in writing, but is enjoined to record the fact that none of the story-tellers "commits himself to belief" in the experiences which he or the rest may have set forth. Nevertheless, the whole animus of the book is toward acceptance of the given phenomena. The most moving of all the narratives is the experience of "Father Girdlestone," a priest of singular purity and spirituality, who, in youth, had been appointed to the curacy of a small and remote parish in Cardiff. The dream came to him of building, there in the wilderness, "a great church to God's glory." As the plan begins to take shape in his fancy he is suddenly assailed by the consciousness of a baleful influence, or, rather, personality, deliberately setting itself in opposition to him. The first attack was comparatively gross and palpable, though its form could not be expressed in ordinary human terms. The figure of sound is that which the priest is driven to use: "That sound, if I may call it so, was not that of a material object; it was not a cry or a word or a movement. Yet it was in some way the expression of a personality. Shall we say," he stopped again—"well, do you know what the sound of a flame is? There is not exactly a vibration—not a note—not a roar, nor a—anything." Later, the attack is renewed, more subtly, but as unmistakably; in the most precious moments of spiritual experience; and the young priest is driven nearly to madness before the hour of his victory comes.

Bar—20. By Clarence E. Mulford. New York: The Outing Co.

Twenty-five chapters of gunpowder smoke, of shanty towns in New Mexico or Texas, thick with dust, pierced with bullets, strewn with prostrate forms of cowboys. Terse descriptions of alkali plains, of Gila monsters, cayuses, and the playful manners of the Bar-20 outfit. This is the effect of Mr. Mulford's book; story it can hardly be called. In time, the figures of Buck and Hopalong Cassidy stand out in low relief from the background of indistinguishable Petes and Shortys and Skinnys. The narrative is full of swing, so full as to swing past at top speed without making any particular impression beyond the fact that Bar-20 invariably worsts its enemies, whether these be Indians, sheriffs, greasers, or the crowd from C.-80. There has seldom been such wholesale slaughter since Scribe's bloody novel of "Piquillo Alliago." Not that Mr. Mulford otherwise suggests Scribe's four-volumed epic. On the contrary, he almost abuses the American art of condensation. Used with restraint, there is style and flavor in such elisions as "On the third deal he objected to the way in which the dealer manipulated the cards, and when the smoke cleared away he was the only occupant of the room." The trouble, however, about the frequent and conscious use of any trick of this kind is that the reader soon finds it out, after which the flavor evaporates. Flavor is an evanescent quality. "Yore plum loco, yu are. Don't yu reckon they can hit a blue shirt at two hundred?" strikes the palate as a trifle flat, as if that particular cork had already been drawn and the beverage served.

Boys, however, in the primitive warrior stage, will probably relish Hopalong's prowess, and, as he never kills any but Bad Men (unless attacked), his example is not likely to effect any practical damage.

A Dull Girl's Destiny. Mrs. Baillie-Reynolds. New York: Brentano's.

The audience which responds to Mrs. De La Pasture will welcome "A Dull Girl's Destiny." This is the old-fashioned English novel of middle-class society, agreeably written, leisurely, conventional. While never very difficult to lay down, it is by no means a weary task to take up. The types of people are perhaps a trifle over-accented; the dull girl rather belies her name from the first. The element of difficulty, so essential to a heroine's development, is supplied through one of those misunderstandings of which real life is so much more chary than fiction. The heavy artillery of analysis, however, should not be trained upon an amiable, unpretentious story of this kind, since its obvious qualities are neither subtlety nor penetration, but a wholesome right-mindedness, a mild humor, and unfailing good taste.

Science.

OBSERVING AN ANNULAR ECLIPSE.

ALIANZA, Tarapacá, Chili, July 10.

An almost ideal point for the work of a great telescope, this enormous plain of Tamarugal, verdureless, rainless, over three thousand feet above sea level, offers even now, at the middle of its winter, nearly 90 per cent. of clear skies, morning after morning dawning in cloudless splendor, moving on to nights of limpid steadiness. During December, January, and February, when at its hottest, the changelessly burning blue overhead is said to become all but wearyingly monotonous, a characteristic of which no astronomer would, perhaps, complain; but July and August are now and again diversified by the *camanchaca,* or sea fog, from the Pacific, which, enveloping Iquique and the coast quite constantly in winter, occasionally drifts above its usual limit of altitude to the top of the cliffs, even rolling on, and, briefly, over the pampa, lying well behind the line of coast hills. Even when making its infrequent appearance here, the mist has generally burned off before nine o'clock in the morning. Genuine clouds are few, and usually cirrus in character. Wind blows so little in this south pampa that dust storms are rare; and there is often an admirable steadiness of atmosphere, both by day and by night, almost never found at or near sea-level.

The eighteen-inch Amherst College telescope, hard at work on Mars for the past three weeks, has been withdrawn for a day or two by Professor Todd, from its satisfactory revelation of canals and oases, to interrogate the phenomena of an annular eclipse passing to-day accommodatingly over the station. It has been concluded, somewhat hastily, perhaps, that annular eclipses can reveal little as to solar secrets. They have received but slight attention from astronomers, no expeditions having been fitted out in the past to follow their wide tracks into remote regions; yet practically all the phenomena attending total eclipses, except the corona, have appeared during these more frequent obscurations. Had it not been for our expedition to the Chilian desert for the study of Mars at opposition, the annular eclipse of to-day would probably not have been observed with the big telescope. Occurring, as it were, at our very doors, however, in the week during which Mars approaches his nearest, we could have no wish to ignore it. In solar radiations other than light and heat, research may be conducted almost as well during annular as total eclipses; and there are always chances of revelation in every celestial event.

The Lowell expedition reached the pampa on June 17, and within a few days the largest refracting telescope ever used in the Southern hemisphere was set up and ready for work. Among the assistants on the expedition are A. G. Ilse, of the firm of Alvan Clark & Sons, of Cambridge, by whose mechanical skill much of the telescope was originally constructed; E. C. Slipher of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., an expert scientific photographer; and R. D. Eaglesfield of Indianapolis, a student in Amherst College, and es-

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pecially well versed in practical electricity. By the courtesy of the firm at Iquique in charge of the interests of one of the great English nitrate companies, our observing station is established at Alianza, the largest oficina in the pampa, whose ample resources have been placed at our disposal by the resident manager, W. Brooke Comber. This gentleman has been unwearied in his efforts to promote not only the work of the expedition but the personal comfort of its members no less.

As long ago as the year 1263 the sun was said to have appeared as "a thin, bright ring"; and Sir David Brewster finds upon calculation that this annular eclipse occurred on August 5 of that year. Later times show many records of the solar annulus. In 1820, September 7, it was seen in Europe, and on May 26, 1854, a track extended from Ogdensburg to New York, good daguerreotypes of its several phases being obtained by Professor Alexander of Princeton. It is interesting to recall that it was during an annular eclipse in England, on May 15, 1836, that Baily first portrayed, in vivid fashion, the globules of brilliant light, like drops of sparkling water, which in his honor have been named Baily's Beads. His account, an elaborate discussion of the entire subject, is contained in the Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society for 1838. This odd and beautiful appearance, mentioned first by Holley in 1715, has been noted by subsequent eclipse observers for nearly two centuries; but the initial photographic portrayal was made in 1869 during the total eclipse visible at Ottumwa, Iowa.

Shadow bands, those singularly fitful lines of alternate darkness and light, not infrequently accompany annular eclipses. Always beautiful, elusive, the "visible wind" of early chronicles, they present a striking if unsolved problem.

The duration of the ring in these eclipses, as well as its width, varies within rather wide limits. Often old diagrams have given quite inaccurate ideas of the effect, showing perhaps a tiny black moon in the middle of a huge sun disk; whereas the greatest possible width of the ring is only about one-twentieth the sun's apparent diameter. So narrow, sometimes, is this brilliant ring of veritable sunlight, that many eclipses marked annular in almanacs barely escape being wholly total. Such, however, was not the case with to-day's eclipse—in which the annulus appeared considerably wider than its minimum.

Beginning well out in the Pacific, the track of July 10 averaged one hundred and seventy miles in width; between three and four thousand miles long, and ending in the middle of the southern Atlantic, it crossed South America with almost the exact centre of its curve. Striking the west coast about eight in the morning, the shadow path covered Iquique, the greatest nitrate port of the world, and other less important coast towns, before sweeping across the wide pampa, or desert, of Tarapacá, and the rampart of the Andes.

For a day or two weather conditions had been somewhat perturbed. Strong winds had suddenly begun, making a low-lying dust-haze along the foothills; early one morning a five minutes' shower, the first in three years, had greatly surprised the yellow surface of the pampa, changing its tint to a moist brown; an unusually long earthquake rumble had reminded the astronomer, with gratitude to his own forethought, that the precious telescope had been safely guyed against the very contingency which then seemed to threaten; and last evening, after a particularly gorgeous sunset, a soft bank of *camanchaca* rolled in from the west, soon hiding Mars and all the starry host, causing only the second impossible evening since our arrival. Prophecy failed in attempting to forecast the day, so that satisfaction arose to enthusiasm when this morning dawned in clearest brightness.

Over the mighty range of the snow-covered Cordilleras rose the sun, and the wide plain for countless leagues, out to the advance guard of the mountains, took on strangely opaline tints, in all its barren undulations. At five minutes after eight, first contact was observed, the black moon thereafter rapidly pushing its way over the brilliant disk until half, three-quarters, more, had disappeared. Photographs of the narrowing crescent were made, not only directly with the large telescope, but through a series of pin-hole apertures interesting photographs of crescents and annulus were taken by E. C. Bedwell. For a moment or two before the central phase, swiftly moving shadow-bands were observed by Dr. Guillermo Ghigliotto, S.; a quickly vanishing chain of Baily's Beads was noted telescopically by Mr. Comber and Professor Todd; and then, instead of an ethereal corona flashing forth in silvery radiance, a brilliant annulus of true sunlight held sway in the heavens, while observers behind disks looked in vain for the symmetrical streamers which, with a total eclipse at this time, might have been expected. A series of photographs was made of the delicate ring, and all four contacts were carefully observed, material which will be used by Prof. S. Newcomb in completing, for the Carnegie Institution, his life-long researches on the motion of the moon, with special reference to a determination of the exact centres of sun and moon.

Quickly the ring became narrower on the opposite side—another flashing glimpse of Baily's Beads, and a widening crescent grew momentarily in the clear sky, no longer sombre and forbidding, but joyously blue once more.

The crowd on the outskirts of the telescope enclosure has dispersed, records are being examined, negatives developed (thus far without any trace of the possible corona), and the usual calm of afternoon on the pampa has settled over its wide, brown spaces. To-night the telescope returns to its allegiance, Mars resumes first place in the astronomical economy, and the annular eclipse is of the past.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

Henry Holt & Co. announce as forthcoming "Guides for Vertebrate Dissection," by Prof. J. S. Kingsley of Tufts College; and "Darwinism To-day," by Prof. Vernon L. Kellogg of Stanford University.

Funk & Wagnalls announce the early publication of "The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible," a translation by Dr. Smith Ely Jelliffe, of Prof. Joseph Grasset's "Demifous et demiresponsables"; and Dr. Densmore's "Sex Equality; A Solution of the Woman Problem." The theories advanced are based on the teachings of Darwin and Spencer.

Although books on medicine for the home are dangerous in the hands of amateur physicians, the "Dog's Medical Dictionary," by the well known English veterinarian Dr. A. J. Sewell, (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a valuable work for owners of dogs. It will be particularly useful for "first aid to the injured" and its notes for treatment of poisoning cases are exhaustive and clear. Owners of valuable dogs might at times use it with profit.

"The Nature and Origin of Life," by Felix Le Dantec, translated from the French by Stoddard Dewey (A. S. Barnes & Co) is a volume of surprising statements and theoretical conclusions. The author's object is to demonstrate that a living being is a mechanism and nothing more, and so very skilfully does he manipulate his literary colloids and diastases that when on the boundary of actual knowledge, he always finds some mysterious characteristic or combination of these substances ready to be conjured to his aid. Two sentences reveal his position in regard to important questions:

> We shall not therefore be astonished when we come to verify the marvellous phenomenon which governs the entire evolution of living beings: the heredity of acquired characters.
>
> A higher animal such as man is a mechanism of mechanisms of mechanisms.

In spite of the title of his book, Prof. Le Dantec systematically ignores the "origin" of life throughout. He concludes with these words:

> The problem of protoplasm synthesis remains what it was. But the time will come when methodic analysis will allow of a reasoned synthesis. When the effective synthesis is obtained, it will have no surprises in it—and it will be utterly useless. With the new knowledge acquired by science, the enlightened mind no longer needs to see the fabrication of protoplasm in order to be convinced of the absence of all essential difference and all absolute discontinuity between living and not-living matter.

The volume is worthy of philosophical consideration as advocating an unproved possibility, but the "light of new knowledge" will have to become much brighter than at present before one can pencil q. e. d. on the margins of many of the pages.

The sale of three diligently revised editions in less than a dozen years makes superfluous any extended notice of the fourth edition of Griffith's "Care of the Baby" (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co.); the book has evidently found its place. The chief addition consists of an explanation of the principles of infant feeding, and directions for modifying milk in cases where the advice of a physician is not readily attainable. These directions also assume the presence of a very intelligent mother or nurse; for many families, some simpler scheme ought to be devised.

There seems no end to the strange diversity in habits of South American tree-frogs, and were the last account not vouched for by Dr. Emil A. Goeldi, director of the Para Museum, it might be used as an excellent example of a story by a "nature faker." This particular tree-frog, a species new to science, has aptly been named *Hyla resinifictrix*, and its habits are de-

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scribed in the Proceedings of the London Zoölogical Society, for June, 1907. It is strikingly spotted, and banded with greenish-yellow, brown, and white; and it lives only in the tall trees of the virgin forest along the Amazon River. It makes its home in a cavity or hollowed-out branch, and little by little gathers the drops of aromatic resin which drip from the bark of the breo-branco tree, and with them thoroughly lines the cavity, making it water tight. The succeeding rains, instead of sinking into the decayed wood, form a permanent little pool in the tree top, and in this frog-made basin the eggs are laid. Here the tadpoles hatch and swim about and transform into perfect tree-frogs. They then go out into the world searching for a suitable place to form their own tiny lake.

The new British Antarctic Expedition, whose vessel, the Nimrod, of Newfoundland, 227 tons net register, has just sailed for New Zealand, is to establish its winter quarters on King Edward VII. Land. The party consists of twelve persons including its organizer, E. H. Shackleton, a surgeon, biologist, zoölogist, meteorologist, geologist and cartographer, with an equipment of twelve Siberian ponies, twenty-four dogs, and a motor-car. This has been specially constructed to run at very low temperatures, and will be provided with sets of runners for surfaces of varying softness; so there is a hope that the car will prove not merely a fanciful adjunct to the expedition. Though the main object is to reach the South Pole, explorations of the coast and into the interior of the supposed continental area will be made. After landing the shore party, Capt. England has instructions to carry a magnetic survey across the Indian Ocean, from Australia to the Mozambique Channel and up to Aden. If possible, soundings also will be taken along the edge of the continental shelf which is conjectured to exist off the patches of coast to the south of the Indian Ocean collectively described on the maps as Wilkes Land. Two other Antarctic expeditions are being organized, one by Dr. J. Charcot, to whom the French government has promised a grant of $120,000, and by M. Arctowski, who has already had experience in this region, having been a member of the scientific staff of the Belgica in 1897-9.

Drama.

Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Revised and edited by William Archer. Vol. X. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.

The adding of another volume, numbered the tenth, to the Scribner set of Ibsen's works, might be recorded in a few lines only, were it not that the publication of the revised translations of "Hedda Gabler" and "The Master Builder" has given the editor, William Archer, an opportunity to resume the search for "origins" of the plays as well as of characters contained in them. Much matter of actual interest in the two introductions is thus obscured by vain gossip as to whether this or that person, this or that piece of scandal, may have been instrumental in starting the current of ideas out of which finally grew the two plays.

Mr. Archer can hardly be reproached in this case, however. He is only following the example of one greater, from whom better judgment might be expected. George Brandes has furnished most of the facts and some of the mere rumors. To him it is owing that the dozen of rather insignificant notes written by Ibsen to a young German girl, then Fräulein Emilie Bardach, have been given to the public, together with a letter from Ibsen to himself, in which the playwright thanks the critic for his essay on "Goethe and Marianne von Willemer." This material serves Mr. Brandes as reason for more than insinuating an autumnal romance between the sexagenarian poet and his sixteen-year-old girl friend. And Mr. Archer uses the tempting gossip eagerly both for "Hedda Gabler" and for "The Master Builder." It is only just to add, however, that he conveys a small part of the interesting light shed on the entire affair by Dr. Julius Elias, the German executor of Ibsen's literary remains. But for that matter, the letters written by the playwright to the Viennese fräulein after their summer's friendship at the Tyrolean village of Gossensass tell the true story—tell it loudly between every two lines for anybody who cares to find the truth. There can be no doubt that Fräulein Bardach was studied eagerly by Ibsen, just as he studied scores of other women that came into his way with traits placing their characters outside the mere commonplace. And there can be as little doubt that she had the honor of furnishing some of the characteristics that serve to make Hilda so fatally attractive to old Solness, the builder of churches, of homes for men, and of castles in the air. Ibsen told Dr. Elias in so many words that he found two natures dwelling side by side in the young Austrian girl—two natures that seemed wholly incompatible with each other. That was the source of his interest in her. One of these natures prompted her to morbid coquetry, not with young men to whom she could become tied by lasting bonds, but with other women's husbands. To drag away a married man from his wife seemed to her the height of excitable "sport," Ibsen confided to Dr. Elias. At the same time she had much of a softer femininity, indicating that in spite of all she would probably some day (as actually has happened since then) make a good and faithful wife to a rather ordinary husband.

It was she who clung to Ibsen beyond the period his interest in her lasted. Gently but firmly he indicated in one brief and monotonously worded note after another that he had had enough of correspondence. At last he was compelled to tell her so in plain words, taking pains, however, to soften the blow by the addition of an ambiguous hint of regret on his part. Dr. Elias relates that about the same time Ibsen asked his wife to be kind enough to gather up whatever letters and photographs had been received from his persistent Viennese friend and to drop all of them in the wastepaper basket. His model wanted to become more than a model, and he resisted with that slight touch of peevishness that characterized him throughout life whenever anybody tried to break in on his artistic privacy.

Ibsen's reference in his letter to Brandes to Goethe's affair with Frau von Willemer is another story. "I may have read of it in Lewes long ago," he says, "but then I must have forgotten it, because the matter had no personal interest to me at the time. Now the case appears in a different light." Of course, Ibsen had not yet conceived "The Master Builder" when he read Lewes's "Life of Goethe." Having conceived the idea for that play, and emptied himself into the work, as was his wont, the similarity between the incident in Goethe's career and the rejuvenation of his own Solness by a belated love affair became at once "a personal matter" to him. If there be any assertion that can be made about Ibsen with complete safety, it is that he lived in his work, and that his work was his life. There he dreamed and loved and suffered and failed and won. In ordinary life, he stood aloof, passive, reserved, a mere spectator, bent on seeing all and becoming involved in nothing. The sooner this fact is grasped, the sooner will the work of Ibsen be properly understood.

Music.

Joseph Joachim, the violinist, died at Berlin on August 15 after a long illness. He was born in 1831 at Kittsee, Hungary, the son of a merchant. Two years later his father moved to Budapest. None of the family had showed special aptitude for music, but when the boy was five he began picking out on a toy fiddle the tunes he had heard one of his sisters sing. He was then placed in care of the best violin teacher in Budapest, and at eight he made his début. In 1839 he went to Vienna where he became a pupil of Boehm and studied also at the Conservatoire. At twelve he was regarded as a full-fledged artist. He was taken to Leipzig, where Mendelssohn was so pleased with his playing that he offered to superintend Joachim's further education. Early in 1844 Mendelssohn sent him to London, where he appeared in the Drury Lane Theatre. Soon after he scored his first great triumph by playing the Beethoven Concerto at a Philharmonic concert. Returning to Leipzig, Joachim made that city his home for five years. He played in the Gewandhaus orchestra, and in 1849 he became leader of the grand duke's band at Weimar. While at Leipzig Joachim profited much from Liszt, especially in virtuosity. The modern movement in music, however, started by Liszt, and indeed the compositions of Liszt himself, were in the long run not congenial to the young violinist bred in the classical tradition. From 1854 to 1866 he was director of concerts at the court of Hanover. In 1868 he was made director of the High School for Music in Berlin. In that city he founded the famous quartet bearing his name. In 1877 the University of Cambridge conferred on him the degree of doctor of music; Glasgow made him an LL.D. ten years later; and Oxford followed the example of Cambridge in 1888. In 1899 the sixtieth jubilee of the violinist's first public appearance was celebrated in Berlin. An orchestra of two hundred musicians was gathered, all of the violins being his pupils who had come together from all parts of Europe. Not only as a player, but as a teacher and

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founder of a system of violin technique, he won the highest repute. He was author of many compositions, but his greatest work is his Hungarian Concerto (op. 11) for violin and orchestra.

Admirers of Brahms are collecting a fund for building in Vienna a house which is to be a Brahms Museum. So far, $9,000 has been collected; but $5,000 more is needed to carry out the plans. Contributions may be sent to Dr. Erich Ritter von Hornbostel, Nibelungengasse 3, Vienna. The Brahms Society of that city has just issued a pamphlet reviewing its activity, with articles by Max Kalbeck and Julius Korngold.

Art.

THE SEVENTH INTERNATIONAL; VENICE.—II.

As for technic, a walk through the halls of the International reveals the rather stumbling eclecticism that is the most marked characteristic of the art of our times. There is nothing like a consensus of practice, every artist is a law unto himself. Most of them naturally feel the weakness of so isolated a position and betake themselves to Manet, to Whistler, to Puvis, to Monet, as their taste or vagary leads. The extremes are a blatant individualism such as one marks in a Mancini or a half-hearted discipleship such as one notes in perhaps two-thirds of the painting and sculpture in any great modern exhibition. A depressing sense of unreality pervades the Venetian as the other shows, because one moves not in the realm of achievement but of intention. Where there is no craftsmanship it is impossible that there should be art, and fine craftsmanship, which for three centuries was almost the rule in Europe, has come to be painfully the exception. One may study, however, in the present show the widening and, we believe, the dying ripples of that form of impression called *pointillisme*. Virtually dead in France, where it originated, partly repudiated by its inventor, Claude Monet, it is running a vigorous course in Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Russia. The Belgian Van Rysselberge, in the striking group of male portraits, Homage to the Poet Verhaeren even achieves the *tour de force* of a lamplit interior in iridescent dots. Only one or two of the Russians seem to me to draw much profit from the formula. I recall with keen pleasure Igor Grabar's extraordinary arabesque of iceladen willow twigs. In general this kind of impressionism seems to rest on a valid analysis of the effect of pigment, but unhappily also on a vicious use of the brush. A little study of such colorists as Veronese, Tiepolo, or Fragonard, not to mention Velasquez, would show that the *pointilliste* effects are compatible with a suave and generous handling. In fine, success in this technic seems to come not through, but in spite of the niggling which happened to be Monet's approach to atmospheric reality. If impressionism shall have served to clear up the muddy academic palette, it will not have come in vain, but even here its triumph is doubtful. The love of full vibrant color seems exceptional, and there is a pretty general tendency to take refuge in a tonality that approaches monochrome. This gain there is at least that the old waxy methods of the studios have fallen into general disfavor. There is abundant evidence of keen and loving observation of natural appearances, what is lacking is reflection and a workmanlike perception of the possibilities of oil colors on canvas.

Perhaps I should apologize for applying with undue iteration to the Venice International of this year a criticism that is true of every exhibition of painting for a half century past. In any case, I must no longer remain in generalities. In passing through the Italian halls one will be less impressed probably by the individual exhibits than by the interesting provincial flavor of certain displays. One finds the Piedmontese, for example, following in the footsteps of Segantini in essaying their own Alpine panoramas. Maggi and Fornara do this with much taste, the defect lying in a certain inertness of contour. The Venetians, as if in loyalty to the memory of Canaletto and Guardi, preserve a certain level of taste, as shown in harmonious tonality. I find nothing of a remarkable sort in this section, though the contributions of Laurenti, Bezzi, Emma Ciardi, and Favai seem of a superior kind, but the school as a whole is evidently incapable of the flagrant eccentricities and vulgarities that mar the Italian section generally. Of the galleries representing Rome, Florence, Bologna, Milan, and Southern Italy, nothing can be said except that they reinforce the tedious lesson that the painter and sculptor may become an artist only by first qualifying as a craftsman. The confusion of counsels that afflicts modern art generally is here at its height.

To pass from the Italian galleries into the Russian exhibit, is like rushing from the tepidarium of a Turkish bath into the teeth of a nor'wester. There is an exuberant inventiveness about these Slavs that carries a wearied gazer quite off his feet. No more thrice-told tales here, no more mutual admiration societies, but a group of confident, restless spirits, grappling with the witness of its eyes and the difficulty of the medium; and conducting the fight with barbaric zest. What is Boris Kustodieff's Family Group (No. 19) except a Whitmanian yawp in paint, a glorification of the red Russian blood that courses in the good Russian air? His portraits of Counts Ignatieff and Witte, the latter a pastel, display his talent in a more conventional but still invigorating phase. Or take Seroff's portrait of the Painter Korovin, lolling in shirt-sleeved ease on a crimson striped cushion. How apparitional it is! a raw bit of life, but emphasized until it becomes significant. Space fails me to speak of Golovin's sketches for stage settings, of Ulianoff's Actress, seen through the eyes of Manet and Beardsley, but extraordinarily real, too; of Repin's sterling portraits; of the Sculpture of Steletzkz, and of Sudbinin, who presents a Rodinesque Gorky, but is better seen in the grotesques of the "Arte del Sogno." Grabar's fanciful landscapes have already been mentioned, and if only for the sake of record one must note Malavin's peasant girls, whose gowns are a perfect cascade of crudely dazzling local color. This is the old Slavic style, which seems to be giving way to more refined extravagances learned at Paris. It would be easy to exaggerate the worth of this incipient Russian art; it is so refreshing in the generally stale atmosphere of the show, it reveals so strongly the charm of archaic endeavor. All one can safely say is that it is an unspoiled art, that its borrowings are made for the sake of expressing something, and that its energy seems drawn from a true relish for natural appearances and its own dreams. It seems as if such an art might go far, but that we shall know better when it has passed out of the boisterous, adolescent stage.

Germany, England, France, Austria, and Belgium, among the foreign nations exhibiting, have arranged and decorated especial halls. The other countries either stand by former schemes, or are relegated to the international galleries. Thus the American exhibit is wholly lost. A pair of big canvases by Melchers, two vigorous studies by Augustus Koopman, three interiors by Richard Miller, comparatively a newcomer, who renovates skilfully the manner of Alfred Stevens, about completes the list. Mr. Sargent, we have noted, is shown with the English; the veteran etcher, Joseph Pennell, who exhibits, besides the remarkable panoramas of Rocamadour and Paris, a selection from the classic London series, is also reckoned as a Briton; while even the young American etcher, Ernest Roth, who sends two interesting Venetian subjects, is credited to Germany. Since Pennell has sold to the Municipality of Venice, and Roth to the Queen Mother, one may hope that these compliments at least may be transferred to a nation that in the present show sadly needs them. Some day we hope that an American committee will provide a really representative show at Venice. The attempt has been made, I believe, but under auspices unduly favorable to the product of our cosmopolitan or denationalized fellow countrymen.

A survey of the specially decorated halls and their contents need not long delay us. For England, Brangwyn has provided mural panels depicting labor in London and in Venice. The color is a leaden monochrome; the design is rather stupidly calligraphic. This gifted painter seems to have sunk into a lifeless formula, and yet it seems only yesterday that his fresh invention and barbaric color were carrying us off our feet. Good Laverys and bad ones, a Peppercorn marine, two spirited but rather painty canvases by Alfred East, are about all that one recalls in the English room. But Orpen shows in the first international gallery a half-clothed Spanish girl, which, if a bit brutal in mood, is uncommonly well painted.

A glance at the French display is enough. Carolus Duran is there in a perfunctory nude and in an admirable male portrait that recalls his better times. Besnard is empty and pretentious in the full-length portrait of Ambassador Barrère; Cottet's manner—he sends a view of Avila, a marine, and a portrait—becomes more lugubrious than ever; Gaston La Touche seems more factitious than before if that were possible; Sidaner, Signac, Ménard repeat themselves wearily. A group of Fantin's saves the show, though the sturdy academic merits of Laurens (portraits of his parents) and Dinet (Eastern Bathers) are positively edifying in this assemblage of

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restless individualism. As much may be said of Lucien Simon's group which has been lent by the Luxembourg. In this company the golden mediocrity of Jacques Blanche fairly imposes itself as great painting, which emphatically it is not. It is, however, the product of a fine taste and of a discretion that perceives justly the limitations of the palette in relation to a given subject. In this sense it is highly workmanlike even if it does not attain to bold or exquisite craftsmanship. Here we have the much discussed Cherubino, and two female portraits, notably one in a strange mauve gown that seems impossibly difficult. In every case, excepting the highly sentimentalized page of Beaumarchais, the picture ought to be dull but someway escapes that abyss, which argues a high degree of taste and discrimination in the painter. In the single contribution of the engraver Lepère, one feels a greater spontaneity. Indeed, no landscape in the show has moved me more deeply than this romantic Sunset. A great buff cloud towers above a low brown hilltop, and out of the cloud the wide rays of the disappearing sun rake the moorland. The centre of the picture is dazzling, but to the right in the gloom one discerns a group of gypsies about a fire, while to the left a stretch of cool seacoast leads back again to the sky. Everything is of the simplest, the sentiment is fairly naïve, but what a sense of the surge of cloud and the movement of landscape. The habit of seeing these significant things and transferring them to the block or copper, has plainly been a useful training for this broader work.

The Belgian Government has put up a low-gabled stucco pavilion, containing four galleries besides the vestibule. There a fountain in yellow marble trickles invitingly. The halls are light in tone, with new art stencilings. Rectangular columns and pilasters, that support nothing, abound. The occasional patterns in friezes and elsewhere are based neither on nature nor on geometry. The painting of the façade on Emile Fabry's cartoons represents a revived Flaxmanism. A sense for simplicity and tastefulness has guided the work, but the endeavor has failed through the desire for novelty. However, this ineffectual bit of new art at least provides excellent galleries, and no nation is so generously housed as the Belgians. To be sure, there is nothing so good inside as the plasters of Meunier's Sower and Miner, which stand outside; but one finds Evenepoel and Baertson within; Rysselberghe's astonishingly well-drawn but unrestful portrait group; three beautiful studies of Bruges, practically in monochrome, by Fernand Knopff, which attain distinction by the most usual means; and a retrospective display of prints and drawings by that great technician and perverted talent, Felicien Rops.

The hall devoted to the art of the Dream needs only a warning not to take it seriously. A fair Anglada, a poorish Prometheus by Walter Crane, a cheaply hideous Salome by Franz Stuck—these, with a sprinkling of German, French, and Italian primitivisms and eccentricities, are the stuff out of which dreams are made. On the benches lie the Russian Sudbinin's bronzes, attractively horrible, like blobs of molten metal settling down into caricatures of the founder who has let them fall. These beautifully patined monsters belong to the art of the nightmare, and do much to justify an otherwise dull display. For, through some lack of dreaminess perhaps, I find even Tofanari's agreeable conceit of the giant hands of the Divinity squeezing the blood out of a writhing mass of miniature humans, less disgusting than merely dull. To shriek beyond the audible scale is the same as to remain silent.

If pale walls could blush, those of the hall decorated by the Vienna Hagenbund and the Manes of Prague would certainly do so. No one enters this silvery room without an exclamation of applause. It is all in a grayish white with slight decoration in a greenish gray. The pictures, which are frankly not much, are uniformly framed in narrow silver mouldings smoothly rounded. A touch of coral in the furniture is the only color. In so exquisite a place the official brass numbers have seemed amiss, so the committee has painted the figures on the wall under the pictures in the gray of the decoration. Small gray mats carry the tint over the floor. To an amateur of this sort of thing, the most interesting feature of the room is the velarium of plain muslin which is stretched at the height of the frieze. This cuts off entirely the cove and cupola, imprisoning a great amount of light between the glass and cloth and diffusing it delightfully through the hall. No gallery is so light. At all times the adjoining halls seemed fairly sombre, and during the gloom of a thunder squall the Austrian secessionists still were irradiated. I confess that the key seemed too shrill and insubstantial for oil paintings, but I can imagine nothing more charming for prints or drawings. The low velarium, too, should be a valuable device in ill-lighted galleries.

No space is left for sculpture, which, with Rodin's great Penseur in the lead, is of superior average quality to the painting, nor for black and white, in which Brangwyn, Zilcken (in large and cold Venetian plates) are prominent, while Legros, in two magnificent sepia drawings touched with color, lords it supreme. But any account of the International would be incomplete without a counsel to go to the Palazzo Pesaro and see the modern paintings that through gift or purchase the city of Venice has culled out from the six preceding exhibitions. There are Zuloaga and Sorolla in splendid examples, Cottet and Brangwyn before they had gone off, Knopff and Liebermann, Zorn and Lucien Simon, Gravesande and Whistler are there to represent etching. Rodin looms large in a full-sized cast of the Burghers of Calais. Such an excursion will do much to offset the inevitable impression of mediocrity gained at the current show. Exhibitions like nations are saved by their remnants, and the remnant that remaineth from half a dozen Internationals at Venice is more impressive than any yearly chronicler would have believed.

M.

By arrangement with British publishers, A. C. McClurg & Co. will bring out in this country "Thomas Gainsborough," by William D. Bolton; "How to Identify Old Chinese Porcelain," by Mrs. Willoughby Hodgson; and "Old Oak Furniture," by Fred Roe.

George Robertson & Co. of Melbourne have in preparation a comprehensive work, "Australian Architecture," by a leading Victorian architect. It will probably appear in November. The climatic conditions of Australia have developed several new architectural types and many varieties, such as should attract the attention of those Americans who are ever in search of new ideas.

A much damaged fresco, by Gianfrancesco Caroto, representing the Annunciation, has been discovered in the Oratorio of S. Girolamo at Verona, and is reproduced in the *Bollettino d'Arte* for July. This dignified composition, dated 1507, is the earliest known work of this painter. The same number reports the recovery from a parish church of a series of fine wall paintings by Sebastiano Ricci. These depict the life of Moses and were originally made for the church of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, on the Giudecca. They are now destined for exhibition in the Accadémia, Venice. Unquestionably many other works of importance distributed to remote parishes during the Napoleonic régime may similarly be reclaimed in the Veneto. The authorities of the Uffizi have promoted from the storeroom to the galleries a remarkable Madonna with the Christchild and St. John, in which Pontormo appears in his most intimate and affecting mood. Besides the usual news of restorations, the present issue contains an elaborate and apparently exhaustive bibliography of Herculaneum, by Ettore Gabrici.

The dowager Countess de Mérode has at last allowed the famous triptych of the Annunciation to be exhibited at the Golden Fleece exposition in Bruges. This picture is the starting-point of a peculiar bit of reconstitution in art history, something like Wolff's effort in Homeric criticism, or the higher criticism of the book of Isaiah. In 1887 Bode of Berlin proposed that a certain number of paintings in Brussels, London, Berlin, and Madrid, should be provisionally attributed to an unknown master, whose typical work would be this Mérode triptych. He was to be known as the Mousetrap Master, because in the triptych St. Joseph is represented making such traps, with one hanging as a sign at the door of his carpenter's shop. The pictures and literature of the unknown master increased with the years, until, in 1902, he found a name at the exposition of Primitives at Bruges. It was then proposed to identify him with a painter of Tournai of the fifteenth century, a certain Jacques Daret; and now a book has been written about him, under that name, by Maurice Houtard. It seems there was such a painter, who studied at the same time with Van der Weyden. They began their apprenticeship the same year (1427). In 1468, at Bruges, Daret was charged with the decoration of the city for the marriage of Charles le Téméraire and Margaret of York; and he worked seventy-eight days, there being no further mention of him anywhere. Unfortunately, not one of the pictures of unknown masters appears in the scant records we have of Daret's existence. And now there is a quite new Flemish critic who is going to "prove" that the Mérode Annunciation is, after all, the work of Hubert Van Eyck. Luckily, all this threat of endless literature does not pre-

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vent the painting being one of the best examples of the masters of the Primitive school.

A commission of experts has been appointed, of which Comm. Boni and Prof. Corrado Ricci form part, to draw up a project for continuing excavations beneath the foundations of the Palazzo Fiano. Here, about four years ago, the excavation was begun of the Ara Pacis, or Altar of Peace, one of the finest monuments of Roman art, decorative fragments of which have been found scattered in the Palazzo Fiano, the Vatican, the Villa Medici, the Uffizi, the Louvre, and in Vienna. The work of excavation was naturally one of great difficulty and expense, as the foundations of the Palazzo Fiano had to be safeguarded and water to be pumped out. Want of funds prevented the conclusion of the work. It has been estimated that £6,000 will be required to complete the undertaking, which involves the expropriation of the site. The present commission will make an effort to induce the commune of Rome to assist financially, so that this important work may be resumed next autumn.

In Austria, the year 1908 is to be marked by a noteworthy art exhibition, in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the present Emperor. In Vienna an association of artists, sculptors, and others has been effected to arrange for this exhibition, which is to include only pictures and other specimens of art that were created during these six decades.

From Paris comes news of the death of Adrien Jourdeuil, at the age of sixty. He was born in St. Petersburg, the son of French parents, and he studied under Bouguereau, Bonnat, and Tony Robert Fleury. For many years he had exhibited landscapes at the Salon; and he won medals in 1888, 1889, 1894, and 1900.

Finance.

THE MONEY MARKET DISTURBANCES.

In its fundamentals, the character of the present financial disturbances has been understood during many months; it was fairly summed up in this column a month ago, in a review of the diagnosis of M. Leroy-Beaulieu. The conclusion of that eminent economist was that the whole world was suffering because demands on capital by industry and speculation had become greater than the actual available supplies; that credit pure and simple had been carried as far as was prudent under such circumstances; and that the present halt in the forward movement, the present high money rates, and the present financial stress in the process of readjustment, were the inevitable result of an effort to bring supply and demand of capital to an equilibrium. In this diagnosis, practically all experienced financiers, on the world's great markets, now concur.

It was not until the present month, however, that the practical results of this process, pursued on all the markets of the world, began to show themselves. As a rule, a strain of this sort in the international money market does not exhibit its full effect until September or October, for the reason that in those months the gathering and moving of the great cereal harvests call peremptorily for large sums which, earlier, have either been lying idle or have been applied to other temporary uses. It would naturally follow that when this legitimate demand arises, and when the capital needed for the harvest country is withdrawn from other quarters of investment, the scarcity of capital and the consequent inability of less deserving borrowers to obtain the credits needed to sustain their own position, would disclose themselves definitely. In the present year —somewhat to the surprise of the financial world—this particular strain has begun in advance of harvest demands. Its occurrence in August is unusual; August is traditionally a period of dulness and inactivity in financial markets. Indeed, on numerous occasions recently, as in 1906 and in 1905, that month's events on the New York money market have not only given little clue to the grave disturbances which were to follow later, but have been misleading regarding the immediate future. This year, for the first time since 1890, the month—especially in the past week—has been characterized by alarming disturbances. Presumably, this early unsettlement has been due to the effort of all the markets to prepare for and anticipate the more serious strain expected in the autumn. To this extent the early occurrence may be described as reassuring.

Three incidents of last week may be taken as typical, each in its own field, of the general situation. On Wednesday, the Pope Manufacturing Company, an automobile and bicycle manufactory, with $21,000,000 capital stock, went into the hands of receivers. On Thursday, the Bank of England advanced its official rate from 4 to 4½ per cent. On Saturday, the New York Associated banks published a weekly statement, showing reduction in the loan account of $14,000,000 for the week—a total reduction of no less than $30,000,000 since the opening of August. A few words of explanation may make clear the exact significance of these three happenings.

The failure of the Pope Company, which at first excited acute alarm on the money market, was by no means a disaster of the type which produced confusion in the panic of 1893—a time when absolute wreck of confidence deprived of proper credit facilities dozens of normally solvent corporations, and dragged down both them and their creditors in a common ruin. A nearer analogy to this failure will be found in those overcapitalized and ill-organized industrial concerns which came to grief in 1903—bankruptcies which left no permanent mark on our fabric of credit. All that need be said at present is that the company in question, while its constituent manufactories enjoyed high prestige as industrial enterprises, was so grossly overcapitalized that it was driven, in order to conduct its trade, to repeated recourse to the money market under most disadvantageous circumstances. Companies thus equipped financially are necessarily victims of the first season of real stringency; but their downfall may, as in 1903, occur without any serious sequel.

The case of the Bank of England is in some respects peculiar. The 4½ per cent. rate of last Thursday is the highest ever fixed by that institution in the middle of August, since London's year of extreme unsettlement of credit, 1890. It compares with the rate of only 3½ per cent. a year ago—followed in the autumn by the 6 per cent. rate destined to be long remembered as the real signal of international strain on capital. The 4½ per cent. rate must therefore be described as abnormally high for the season. Furthermore, last Thursday's rate had not been in force four days before Lombard Street's private discount had advanced to 4⅞—a movement assumed by many observers to indicate a further rise in the London bank rate this present week. Yet, last week's rise in the rate was no response to a weak condition of the Bank itself. Percentage of reserves to liabilities was 50⅝, which is not only 10 per cent. above the traditional minimum, but is far above the average at this date in the past half-dozen years. The London market's explanation of the movement is that the Bank had found itself compelled to resort to drastic protective measures, with a view to preventing further extensive withdrawals of London capital and gold for the two unsettled money markets of Berlin and New York. On Saturday this action of the Bank

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was followed by great uneasiness on the part of London private bankers, in the course of which decided measures had to be taken to avert a foolish sacrifice of credit.

The enormous loan reduction shown in last Saturday's bank return of New York city was, on the other hand, a sign that the process of forced liquidation had been effective in accomplishing exactly the end which had made it necessary. Confronted, as the market was not many weeks ago, with conditions in which the inadequate supplies of capital and credit were plain to every one, in which Stock Exchange values, though largely reduced from the level of a year ago, were still fairly high, and in which the withdrawal of cash reserves for harvest uses was imminent, the quickest and the most obvious measure of relief was reduction in loans and liabilities of the banks through heavy liquidation on the Stock Exchange. To put the matter simply: institutions and individuals, with money tied up in stocks at existing valuations, withdrew their capital through the sale of these holdings on the Stock Exchange, thereby equipping themselves with the ready capital for such other needs as were certain to arise. Naturally, the Stock Exchange has complained bitterly, Wall Street particularly devoting itself to explanations that no liquidation of the sort would have been necessary but for the baleful activities of Mr. Roosevelt. To the thoughtful man, it should be manifest enough, from the facts just reviewed, that the movement of liquidation was inevitable under any circumstances.

What, then, are we to say is the net result of this first week of trial in the strain of the autumn markets? The Pope insolvency has proved that ill-equipped corporations will have no comfortable time while the storm passes over; but the reassuring fact in that direction is, that since the warning of 1903, companies of this kind have devoted themselves in the main to putting their house in order, and have been enabled to do so through the great prosperity of the three ensuing years. The attitude of the Bank of England seems to indicate that the real embarrassment will not converge exclusively, and may not fall most heavily, on New York. By reason of the extravagant credit inflation of a year ago, the American market has been pictured as the conspicuous mark for financial lightning. This view was in most respects correct; it ignored, however, the enormous tangible resources of this country, which, if properly utilized, will go far to sustain the impending strain; whereas London, in so far as it, too, was bound to suffer from the lack the credit, was weakened by the fact that it had not in the past few years been able fully to make good its own losses incurred in the Transvaal war. The New York bank return, finally, showed that thus far, at any rate, American institutions have been following the line of safety. Of them it may be said, as indeed it may be said of the Bank of England's action of last Thursday, that the mere fact of such drastic action, at so unusually early a date, gives distinct assurance that such troubles as the autumn may have in store will at all events have been prepared for.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abrahams, Israel. A Short History of Jewish Literature. Imported by Scribners. $1 net.
Aristotelian Society, Proceedings of. London.
Baker, Arthur. The American Esperanto Book. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Bartholomew, J. G. Atlas of the World's Commerce. Imported by Scribners. $8 net.
Barton, Clara. The Story of My Childhood. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Bangs, John Kendrick. Andiron Tales. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.25.
Belcher, John. Essentials in Architecture. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Chambers, Robert W. The Younger Set. Appleton. $1.50.
Cran, Mrs. George. Herbert Beerbohm Tree. John Lane Co. $1 net.
Eghian, Setrak G. The Mother's Nursery. Putnams.
Kellaway, Herbert J. How to Lay Out Suburban Home Grounds. John Wiley & Sons. $2.
Kemmerer, Edwin Walter. Money and Credit Instruments in Their Relation to General Prices. Henry Holt & Co.
Lyle, Jr., Eugene R. The Lone Star. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Marx, Karl. Revolution and Counter-Revolution. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Mawson, Thomas H. The Art and Craft of Garden Making. Imported by Scribners. $10 net.
Mayer, E. v. Pompeii an Art City. Imported by Scribners. $1 net.
Merck, E. Chemical Reagents, their Purity and Tests. Translated by Henry Schenck. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.50 net.
Montaigne: Essays. Translated by John Florio. Putnams.
Mother Goose's Picture Puzzles. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Olcott, William Tyler. A Field Book of the Stars. Putnams.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VI.: Misdoue—Monopoly. Henry Frowde.
Poor Richard Jr.'s Almanack. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus Co. 50 cents.
Ristori, Adelaide, Memoirs and Artistic Studies of. Translated by G. Mantellini. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.50 net.
Seidell, Atherton. Solubilities of Inorganic and Organic Substances. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3 net.
Shelley's Selected Poems. Edited by George H. Clarke. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 45 cents.
Smith, Arthur H. China and America To-day. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25 net.
Smith, Justin H. Our Struggle for the Fourteenth Colony. 2 vols. Putnams.
Wilson, David Henry. George Morland. Imported by Scribners. $1.25 net.
Wood, Robert Williams. How to Tell the Birds from the Flowers. Paul Elder & Co.

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